

## It's You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21224258) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21224258>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Quentin Beck/Peter Parker</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Quentin Beck</a> , <a href="#">Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Liz Allan</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - No Powers</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Office</a> , <a href="#">Boss/Employee Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">Non-Explicit Sex</a> , <a href="#">From Sex to Love</a> , <a href="#">Falling In Love</a> , <a href="#">Age Difference</a> , <a href="#">Unrequited Love</a> , <a href="#">Whoops maybe there is explicit sex</a>
Stats:	Published: 2019-11-20 Completed: 2021-10-19 Chapters: 6/6 Words: 43334

## It's You

by [Narryfavoritejiall](#)

### Summary

If someone would have told Peter that he'd be hooking up with his boss on his first job ever, he would've laughed in their face and slap his own leg.

But, oh shoot, it's happening.

Or. The dramatic office/boss fucks secretary AU nobody asked for.

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Not even makeup can cover that."

Peter flinched at the sudden interruption and it made him almost drop his cellphone. He looked away from the mirror camera and gave Liz a theatrical angry expression.

"I told you to stop sneaking on me like that," He huffed and turned back to look at himself, he continued rubbing gently the small bruise forming on the side of his neck while pulling at the collar of his dress shirt upwards, trying to aimlessly hide *evidence*.

Liz smiled and sat down on the edge of Peter's desk, she crossed her legs elegantly, "What did I tell you about saying no to marks, Pete? We need to be *professional* –Remember?"

Peter rolled his eyes at her mocking tone (he does remember saying exactly *that* when he caught Liz flirting with a maintenance guy) and shrugged, "In my defense, I did say no."

His friend clicked her tongue, "Yeah, right. *As if*. You probably begged for it–"

"*Shh!*" He hushed Liz hysterically when he saw a cleaning lady walking by with a frown on her face because she most likely heard, "Shut up, stupid!"

She laughed and stood up to walk to her desk, "Thanks for the morning visuals, though –now, I totally won't be picturing our boss doing you," She said sarcastically, but keeping her voice low enough to not be heard around the mainly empty office.

"Piss off," He said with no sting to it, a small smile stretched his lips. Liz accidentally found out about Peter's little affair and secret two months ago, but thankfully she's a good friend and she's reliable, she's the only one who knows, and they're more than comfortable joking about the situation now.

(Quentin doesn't know someone knows about them. But, frankly, Peter doesn't think he cares too much. They're discreet and secret, yes. That's what's fun. Besides, Quentin is the owner and boss,

nobody can tell him shit).

Peter picked up the scarf that was on his lap to wrap it loosely around his neck. Quentin bought him that unnecessary scarf two weeks ago when they were walking around Sojo and Quentin encouraged Peter to enter the Burberry store when Peter stood outside the window staring at the nice tailored pants and impeccable shoes –Quentin bought him the scarf because he threatened Peter that he wouldn't leave the store until he chose something. *Whatever*. Peter being nice, shy and polite Peter; chose one of the least expensive items which were the scarf with the classic Burberry design.

Peter thanked the man later with letting him tie Peter's wrist together with that same scarf as Quentin fucked him in that hotel bed.

"Sexy boss is here, I repeat sexy boss is here," His friend said quietly, not looking away from the paper sheets he was organizing.

He looked up rather too quickly and immediately caught the sight of *oh, Quentin freaking Beck* walking down the wide hallway. He's wearing a black coat and a black turtle neck (the same one Peter so fucking loves) and he's waving at the employees with a big, welcoming grin.

Peter bit his bottom lip to prevent the embarrassed, excited smile, he looked at his computer instead; he wouldn't want to appear too eager, even if he *totally* is.

He heard footsteps and from the corner of his eyes, he saw the familiar figure passing by. He anticipated the familiar greeting and his heartbeat a little faster stupidly. Just like it did when he was crushing on his boss the first few weeks of working here and being noticed by Quentin was one of Peter's most important achievements of the day.

"Mr. Parker, Mr. Allan. Good morning," The man said easily, heading to his office which was in front of Peter's and Liz's desk that sort of work as the reception, but Liz was Quentin's assistant and Peter serves as the secretary. A title he is made fun of often and it often makes him feel bad too, but then he forgets about it when he has Beck.

"Good morning, Mr. Beck," They both said simultaneously, using the same bright tone.

"Ah, it's Quentin. How many times have I told you both?" The man stopped at his door and pointed at them. He did notice the way the blue eyes eyed Peter discreetly. Only for Peter to

notice.

*Ha.* That's funny. At least that's not what Quentin prefers to be called in bed. Peter blushed.

"Sorry," Liz smiled politely, "Old habits are hard to kill. *Quentin*, I shall remind you of your meeting with Harry Osborne at ten o'clock."

"Thank you, hunny. I'll be there. Be so sweet and bring me my usual order from Starbucks?"

Peter rolled his eyes at the nickname and he knew Quentin saw that. That's *why* he rolled his eyes.

"Sure thing, boss. In a minute," Liz was already picking up her purse and phone.

"Peter," Quentin called out and nodded at the younger man, his smile was easy and teasing. That bastard. "Be a dear and read all new messages and emails sent this morning, yes? In my office, in five minutes."

"Of course, Mr. Beck," He smiled at the man shortly. Just as he was getting his iPad to organize the calls, messages, and emails for Quentin, Liz smiled teasingly at him and cocked an eyebrow when Quentin shut the door carefully.

"Have fun," She mumbled, already walking away.

"You too," He stuck out his tongue.

He didn't even wait the five minutes Quentin ordered. As if.

—

Quentin was on a call, he had a frown on his face and his annoyed features didn't resemble how he was looking when he arrived. Peter was about to step back and shut the door, but Quentin was quick to look up and when he saw Peter he waved for him to come in.

"I understand that, Roy," He said while making a funny face to Peter, clearly mocking the person on the phone.

Peter giggled and raised his iPad to cover his mouth as he watched the man. Quentin is standing up, leaning confidently on the side of his desk. He looks so handsome with that trimmed beard that he is growing and that makes Peter feel all sort of things because the fact that Quentin is growing scruff is because Peter once said how much he likes *beard burn*.

His ex used to have a beard but it doesn't compare to Quentin's.

Quentin watched him back, all while answering distractedly on the phone. Peter likes the idea of being Quentin's distraction.

The younger man only walked a little bit closer towards his boss as he selected the most important emails to later read them to Quentin. Peter heard him finishing the call with exhausted sentences and Peter was glad he wasn't the one answering the call from that difficult client Roy.

"I like the scarf."

"Thank you, Mr. Beck," He bit down a grin.

"Is Liz gone?" Quentin sighed, straightening up and standing up from his desk. Peter barely looked up when Quentin walked around him, he forced himself not to.

He knows what Quentin's up to, almost every morning is like this. Not that Peter is complaining.

Peter hummed, still typing away on his iPad. He's trying to be professional, okay? Even if his fingers shake like his heartbeat accelerates because Quentin is suddenly standing too close behind Peter, looking over his shoulder to see what does the electronic device reads.

"How long do you think she'll take?" Quentin murmured lowly, his breath almost hit the back of Peter's neck, but Quentin still was maintaining a respectful distance, "*I'm hungry*."

"U-uh, Starbucks was pretty crowded this morning," He said, still looking at his iPad, but honestly, he didn't know what the fuck he was looking at. He could only concentrate on the familiar hand creeping from his waist down to his leg.

"That's too bad, isn't it?"

And Peter wanted to cut him off because they have a lot of work to do, Quentin has two meetings because he wants to buy the competitor's branch and Peter needs to answer calls, set up appointments, take notes and attend the clients.

But, still, he wasn't strong enough –he didn't know how he ended up sitting up on his boss' desk with said boss in-between his legs, making out heatedly and pulling at each other's hair.

Well, Peter does know-*how*. You can't blame him, really. Not when Quentin started kissing the back of his neck, pulling down the scarf as his hands caressed Peter's belly from behind.

This setting isn't rare, in fact, Peter is often finding himself knocking over pens and cups because his ass sits on the desk *and* because his boss likes to taste him first thing in the morning. So does Peter, really.

"I missed you," Peter breathed out in-between kisses, his hands are gripping each side of Quentin's face tightly, putting their mouths impossibly closer.

The older man chuckled, "You saw me last night."

"I know," He smiled, feeling the beard rubbing against his chin pleasantly. Quentin's hands are resting on the desk, on each side of Peter's legs as their heads kept tilting to keep kissing; it was messy, almost *too* messy and irreverent, but that's how they like it. Peter wants Quentin to touch him, but he is too timid to ask and they have little time to do anything. He just dragged down his hands and rested them on top of Quentin's.

"God, you look so good on those jeans," Beck mumbled, pulling away to deliver quick pecks on Peter's jaw.

Peter opened his eyes slightly and a breathy moan escaped his mouth, he bit his upper lip and hugged the man's shoulders loosely, he was too focused on getting consumed by the expensive

cologne the other wore. He loves how Quentin smells, sophisticated and manly. Peter's always left smelling like him after any sort of exchange or meeting. He loves that too.

The older man then was sneakily running his hand up Peter's thigh, but Peter stopped him by pushing his hand away.

"Beck..." He said cautiously, still tilting his head to let Quentin nib and kiss his jaw and neck, "We need to get back to work."

"Sure thing," Quentin hummed, settling his hands on Peter's sides, thumbs rubbing on his ribs.

They kissed again and Peter stuck his tongue inside Quentin's mouth because he was an impatient, frustrated person, okay? –the wet noises in the quiet room should be embarrassing, but they were arousing instead. Peter still fantasizes about fucking on this mere office and on this mere desk, with his boss right behind him, holding him down against the wood. One day, perhaps, when nobody is in the building, but that's what's hot, isn't it? Having an audience.

Peter was waiting for a knock to interrupt them but it never came, so they kept making out and groping each other. Until Peter's iPad dinged and Beck's phone buzzed loudly, he pulled away slightly, still sharing little, lazy pecks.

"I need to get back to work," Peter mumbled, pulling away again when Beck kissed him heatedly, trying to shut him up, "–And, you have a lot of work to do, Mr. B–"

"Don't you fucking call me that if you want to get out of here fully dressed."

The younger man giggled while his bottom lip got bitten and sucked by Quentin. He closed his eyes and gripped the well-built arms, the ones that can carry him and hold him down so easily. Their noses bumped together on accident and they smiled against each other.

"Seriously, I need to get back," He said, not making a move to pull away, contradicting himself.

Quentin hummed again, "I bet."

"I..." Peter cut himself off by kissing his boss again, it was tender and slow, too intimate and they both sighed, "... Have a lot of work to do," He whispered. Entranced and distracted.

"I can tell," Quentin grinned, making a move to pull away but Peter hugged his middle and kissed him more intently. Quentin chuckled and Peter crossed his ankles together behind the man's legs.

He can always call back whatever missed call he has.

—

After almost ten minutes of irresponsibly making out and murmuring to each other –Quentin's phone ringed and Peter's iPad notified him of two new received emails.

They parted ways reluctantly. And, Peter was left fixing his now messed up hair and shirt before updating his boss with new messages and emails. He would stutter sometimes because Quentin was looking at him up and down irreverently as he sat on his expensive leather chair behind the big desk, he rested his chin on his hand as if he was analyzing Peter.

"Stop looking at me like that," The younger man had said in embarrassment as he was looking for the contact Quentin asked for.

"Sorry, you don't like it?"

Peter had his closed-lip grin behind his newly fixed scarf.

"Thank you, Mr. Parker. Your service is always appreciated," Quentin said when Peter was opening the door. He gave the man a shy, reserved smile and he received a playful winked as an answer. His smile widened.

Liz was already waiting on her desk when he got out, he cleared his throat awkwardly and lowered his gaze when she was already looking at him with a knowing smirk and crossed arms. The paper bag with the Starbucks logo sat on her desk.

"How was it?" She asked, "Can I come in now?"



"Ugh, shut up," He said quickly and sat down on his chair. He started to nervously clean around and crumble unwanted paper sheets.

"You look... *messy*," She clicked her tongue and it was clear she was avoiding laughing, "You should take a look at yourself, Pete."

The younger man watched her go in with their boss breakfast and he was fast enough to open the front camera of his iPad and do what his friend said, and –yes, she wasn't teasing him. Peter really looks... messy. His lips are kind of swollen, his chin is red and his cheeks are flushed, his hair is kind of undone too. Well, Quentin kept on pulling at it, and Peter couldn't complain.

He stood up, quite horrified because he'll be receiving important business people soon and he's looking like *this*. Like, his boss just ate his face and undressed him. Quentin never worries to be careful about appearances.

The cleaning lady looked at him weirdly as he jogged to the bathroom to make himself presentable once again.

Damn Quentin Beck and his irresistible ways.

*Ugh.*

—

Peter didn't really know what the hell is their relationship and where are they're standing right now. He doesn't dare to ask Quentin in fear of scaring him away. But –they're definitely more than friends now, but he's sure they're not exclusive or a couple (though, Peter stopped sleeping with his ex because he started seeing Quentin) and they're still in a boss and employee relationship which he doesn't know what's worse.

Though, he'd love to have a concert for their... relationship. He can't quite put his finger on it.

It is something casual. Definitely. Even though Quentin clearly appreciates Peter and likewise, but this isn't something serious. And, that honestly, pains Peter and makes him cringe because he hates

himself because he's falling hard. He didn't want to admit it, but he finally did when Quentin once blew Peter off and left with a Tiffany from the floor above. He drove home crying, he stopped at a fast-food restaurant to eat and fell into bad old habits which was called his ex Brad to fuck. He felt horrible and he avoided Quentin for two days, he had nothing to be angry about, he had no *right*, but still, he couldn't help it.

But, he quickly forgave his boss when he took Peter on a very lovely walk on the Brooklyn bridge and made love to him afterward at his place in Manhattan.

But, Peter's so deep in now that he would take whatever Quentin has to give. He knows he is the only party feeling like this –why would someone like Quentin Beck have the hots for little awkward secretary Peter who is fifteen years younger, when he could literally have anyone he wanted.

Peter hates to think about it, but he is almost waiting for Quentin to get bored with him. And, he doesn't want to believe Liz when she mentions how Quentin looks at Peter with this dopey, heart eyes.

No –Beck would never want something else other than the good sex they share, long talks, dates, bits of advice and great quality time?

... Right?

—

In the beginning, when they first started having sex, Quentin would take Peter to nice hotels, but when they got comfortable with each other, they started hanging out at each other's places, even though Peter was ashamed of his shitty, small apartment Quentin seemed to like it somehow.

But, Peter remembers that none of them would spend the night. It was a little awkward after the sex. And even though they rested together and even ordered something to eat, Quentin would casually suggest if he wanted Peter to order a cab. That was a hint for a denied permission of staying over. Quentin was really sweet about it, he would even wait with Peter on the sidewalk until the cab or Uber arrived and Peter got in safely. But, that shattered hope always happened after it was clear Quentin didn't want to compromise himself.

Or, whenever they did it at Peter's place, they would actually fall asleep for a while and it was so

nice, so so nice that sometimes Peter couldn't fall asleep because he couldn't get over the fact that his boss, crush, fuckbuddie, and friend was snoring comfortably next to him. He would think that maybe things were evolving, but then he was left pretending to be asleep whenever Quentin would wake up, get dressed and leave the house quietly.

It honestly bothered Peter, but at least Quentin would always leave a note with messy writing reading:

*Had fun ;)*

*You looked pretty sleeping*

*Didn't want to wake you up*

*I'll see you at work*

Quentin could easily text him that, but Peter appreciated very much the gesture. It felt personal.

Peter shut himself down and convinced himself that this was just a fun, sexy fling.

—Until Quentin started staying over.

Oh, Lord. Did Peter's hopes and expectations flew to the sky.

—

It started spontaneously.

Them staying at each other's houses, that is.

The first time it happened was at Peter's place. Peter had just finished riding Beck and they were left watching a TV show on Peter's laptop (because he didn't have a TV in his room) to chill and allow their heartbeats to slow down.

Peter was resting on his side with shut eyes, one of his arms was resting on Quentin's chest, but he

lifted off when he felt him sitting up, he didn't bother to open his eyes because he thought that Quentin was standing up to get ready and leave Peter with a last peck on his lips, but –

"Fuck, I'm really tired," Quentin mumbled and pulled the comforter by their feet to cover their naked bodies, "Is it okay if I stay the night?"

The younger man actually frowned slightly and he couldn't help let his stomach do an excited, *relieved* flip. He didn't answer, because he didn't know if Quentin was joking and he didn't want to be left looking like an idiot agreeing eagerly. Because he was pretty sure Quentin knew how much Peter *liked* him.

It was fucking weird that Quentin was the one asking if he could stay the night, and he asked it so casually and lazily as if it wasn't a big deal –which, it wasn't. But, it was for Peter. They had obviously done far more intimate things than sleeping in the same bed. It was stupid, really.

An awkward silence invaded them and Quentin broke eye contact, he sighed and let out a breathy laugh while shrugging, "I mean, it's okay if you feel weird about it, I'll go in a–"

"No, *no*. I just–" (*can't believe it*) Peter said way *too* quickly and held back from sitting up, he smiled crookedly, "It's totally fine. Only if you don't snore."

The older man chuckled and laid down again, close beside Peter, closer than they already were, "I can't promise that."

They laid on their sides, facing each other, their hands touched lightly and Peter stroked his finger on the other's unconsciously. They stared at each other, but it wasn't weird. Quentin smiled at Peter, his eyes were half-closed and he did look tired.

Peter found himself opening his mouth before he could think, "This isn't weird, right?"

He meant them actually sleeping together. And, he knew Quentin understood. He didn't know why it felt like a big deal.

Quentin just shook his head and hummed.

"Why?"

"Just because," It was simple. Peter tends to ask too many, unnecessary questions and Beck always answers shortly, with patience when that's happening.

Peter closed his eyes, feeling calm and weirdly happy. He sighed quietly and dug his face in his pillow, "I'm tired too."

A hand crept into his hair and rough fingertips started caressing his scalp. Peter relaxed and rested his hand on the man's arm.

He fell asleep fantasizing about what they would eat for breakfast, maybe they would watch TV and maybe they would wake up and have lazy, morning sex with amazing orgasms to start the day. He thought about them cooking together and talking about everything in the small kitchen island.

Peter felt stupid, though. When he woke up alone the next morning in a cold bed.

—

After that, falling asleep together after fucking became normality.

—

Sometimes they sneak out of the office to do any sort of thing. Sometimes it's kinky or sometimes they just leave to have lunch and talk. Peter really likes talking with Beck and he knows Beck does too. Peter can't help blushing and stuttering because Beck's eyes are always warm and fond of him every time Peter is speaking.

—But, this particular day, Quentin was stressed out and Peter was hyperactive because it's been a very busy day, even for Peter.

So, when Quentin texted him and told him to meet him outside in his car; Peter was going to decline the offer. But, he really wanted to see Quentin and stop acting like they weren't obviously fucking each other.

But, they didn't even leave office property, they didn't have time for that.

That's how Peter found himself in the back of his boss' car, in a not so empty parking lot, but where Quentin always parks is reserved and clear for him. He was reluctant at first, saying how risky it was to just do *anything* in his freaking car, but then –he came to the realization that *risky* equals hot.

Besides, it's far from their first time doing this.

Peter's breathing is heavy but at the same time soft, his head is turned to his side and Quentin's kissing his jaw and ear tenderly, leaving wet traces.

"Look at me," Quentin whispers.

Peter would've but he's too abash and timid right now –when his pants are hanging off one ankle, his legs are spread and Quentin is fingering him with slow, sharp movements. Peter's already on edge with doing this in a public space even if there isn't anyone around and having to look at the blue eyes gazing at him intensively while Peter moans, seemed too much.

Still, he just turned his head and rested it in the crook of Quentin's neck as one of his hands travel down to rest on top of Quentin's that was moving in-between his legs, he felt it move back and forward and that shouldn't turn him on so much. But it did.

There were touches to his prostate that could be considered happy accidents, but he knew Quentin knows his body so well by now that he was just teasing him. Peter's legs/thighs are shaking slightly, they always do when something is inside him, or maybe Quentin just knows how to really push him.

Oh, he knows.

"Ow, ow," He whined, but not in pain. He started fondling himself and even though the car's windows were dark, the thought of being seen, with his boss' hand in-between his legs, kissing his neck and mouth was sending him to the edge.

Everybody wanted to sleep with Quentin and here Peter was –Who thought?

"You gonna come?"

Peter sighed and he did.

—

The way Quentin watched him made Peter blush and wonder the pretty thoughts he was thinking about Peter. He smiles fondly when Peter talks to fast, he hates when Peter apologizes and he loves when Peter is himself. He's said so himself and Peter couldn't be more flattered. A lot of people find him annoying when he is being himself, but Quentin doesn't.

Peter liked to think that he is more than a fuck to Quentin and he knows he is more than that, he knows Quentin cares about him and that he appreciates him. Peter sometimes fantasizes (he's been doing that lately) about Quentin finally confessing his feelings and telling how much he loves Peter.

But –*ha*.

Yeah, right.

After four months of seeing each other sleeping together, Peter has had enough already and he was tired of keeping the facades of 'this is just a game, yay' and acting like the sex and dates meant shit. Because they fucking meant everything and he wanted to tell Quentin how that was true. Maybe, Quentin was feeling the same but he was worried about scaring Peter off. *Absurd*.

And, then, *that* night happened –where they drank a little too much. And, Peter doesn't tend to get drunk often so the wine got to him fast. Much faster than he would rather choose.

And their conversation turned from playful to bizarre, to sweet and weird.

Because –

"I like you," Peter mumbled, smiling stupidly. They were standing in the balcony of Quentin's apartment and Peter's hugging Quentin's shoulders loosely, to keep balance.

"Me too," Quentin was grinning. He was less drunk.

"Like, like you, like you."

"Me too," The older man said again.

"No, you don't," Peter rested his forehead in the man's shoulder.

"I do," He said quietly. After a short moment of silence, Quentin hummed, "Sometimes I want more."

Peter frowned.

"—Like, more than sex," The man shrugged casually, "More than whatever the fuck we have going on."

Peter was drunk and he hated it because what Quentin was saying seemed distant, but he was sure it was happening.

"... Sometimes I want something serious, you know?"

*Sometimes.*

Not always?

Still, that was enough, Peter kissed him roughly because he could. He was beaming and Quentin lives in a penthouse so Peter let him fuck him. Right there against the wall of the balcony.



Because he could.

—

Peter remembers how Monday went. Their conversation didn't leave his mind and he didn't remember feeling that happy in a while, because –Quentin Beck wanted something serious with him, the secretary, the kid, the employee, the dorky geek that Quentin seems to adore.

But, then. Everything came crashing down.

It was his fault really for jumping to conclusions and being precipitated; he had even told MJ of how possible it was for Peter to finally have a boyfriend.

Of, how stupidly naive he was.

"You know how those office couples have to declare their relationship to HR?" Peter mentioned, trying to sound casual, he in Quentin's office, sitting across him and helping him fix some contracts and important documents. Liz' should be doing this but Peter volunteered.

Quentin threw a weird glance and shrugged, "Yeah?" He went back to glance intently at his computer.

Peter bit down a smile, "Do you think we'll have to do the same?"

Silence followed and Peter Peter's shoulders tensed slightly after a moment. He didn't dare to look up, instead, he kept folding paper sheets. Maybe Quentin didn't hear him? He had been really concentrated with his last project that maybe he wasn't paying attention or–

"Why would we do that?" Quentin chuckled.

And, Peter's heart dropped. Like a brick to the ground and it hurt.

"Uh, you know, w-what we talked about on Friday?" Peter looked up this time. And, he wasn't expecting to find the blue eyes looking at him with a funny glare.

"Oh," The man grinned widely, "Baby, we were drunk and messing around, weren't we?"

Peter gulped and looked down again, he blinked fastly and took a deep breath. He nodded and shifted on his seat.

"The talk was making you all horny so I kept going –"

"Okay," He said way too loudly, he clenched his eyes shut.

Quentin sighed after a moment and straightened in his chair, "Pete... You don't really think we–"

"No," The younger man said quickly. He shook his head and smiled tightly, with closed lips. Quentin had a small frown and Peter wondered how stupid he actually looked acting like a lost puppy searching for an owner's love, "... No, I –I know, I just," He shrugged.

"Pete," Quentin sighed again and pushed his hair back, "When we started... This. I told you I wasn't looking for anything serious –"

Peter gripped the edge of his seat and Quentin's expression turned serious when he saw Peter's red, wet eyes.

"I don't want–"

Peter cut him off once again, "I know. I was joking, okay?"

The man looked hesitant and Peter knew Quentin knew he was full of shit.

"Pete..."

"I'll have some calls to make," He stood up abruptly and cleared his throat, "For the meeting. I'll tell Liz to help you finish this."

When he was gathering his things Peter looked at Quentin for a short moment but turned around in shame when he saw him rubbing at his face in what seems a frustrated manner.

*Fuck. Fuck.*

Stupid. So, so stupid.

His hand was gripping the doorknob when Quentin called for him. Then he was walking towards Peter and turning him around by a steady grip on his narrow waist.

All of a sudden Peter made a small story in his head, in just a few seconds –where Quentin would tell him he's sorry and that he's bad with words, that he sucks at having something serious but that he would try it with Peter; that he was willing to love and take care of him, Peter was imagining Quentin kissing passionately and saying how much of an idiot he was for not appreciating Peter.

But–

"If you'll get like this... Or if you're feeling like this," Quentin looked down, "I don't think we should keep doing this."

Peter finally shed a tear but he quickly wiped it away, "No, no," He feels so stupid and he hates that he is not respecting himself, "I'm not getting like this, Beck. I'm sorry."

"We said no feelings," Quentin's voice was low and Peter panicked because this felt like the end and he couldn't allow that.

"I'm not feeling like *that*. I just had a rough morning and I'm a little emotional, but it's nothing," He lied.

Quentin still wasn't looking at him.

Peter sniffed and forced out a chuckle, "I was kidding, Beck. God." He stepped closer and started playing with his boss's tie, "Sorry for getting like that."

The man leaned against the wall, "I just –sorry. But, it weirds me out. Because I just want to keep fooling around, that's all. I don't want complicated conversations or tears."

He was honest and crude, and Peter ached but he appreciated the sweet tone Quentin used.

"Me too," He lied again. And, smiled slightly, almost sadly.

Quentin looked at him, he still seemed unsure.

And at that moment, Peter realized how fucked he was and how he would take anything Quentin has to offer. Because Peter is *that* person. The one who falls in love and cares too much. And, Beck is the one who got away. And – why does Peter still has hope?

"I'll let you fuck me rough tonight if you get out early," Peter said to Quentin's ear, he forced the erotic tone and explicit words.

He felt humiliated and not like himself, but he knows he will keep Quentin if he puts out. And, it was worth it because Quentin was pushing against the door, pinning Peter's hands above his head on the door and he kissed him messily and passionately. Like, Peter wanted, but it felt wrong. Because there was only lust and not love.

He took it still because Quentin is touching him and forgetting Peter broken down like that. He's giving him another opportunity and Peter eagerly took it.

He moaned and gasp, he didn't even give a fuck if someone was outside, but he was too broken and far too gone to notice anything, he could only feel the lips on his neck and the hands-on his hips. And, he wanted to only feel that.

The paperwork was forgotten because Quentin was saying how pretty Peter was and what he'd do to him if they weren't there. If they were in Peter's bed and how hard he'd made him scream.

Peter wasn't proud of himself, but he ended up under Quentin's desk. Sucking him off and being good for him. He didn't care about how nice he dressed for Quentin and how messy his clothes ended up looking, how he spends fifteen minutes fixing his hair only for Quentin to screw it up, he didn't care about how he kept looking up at Quentin with love in his eyes and the painful thought in his mind, only for Quentin to have shut eyes because he was enjoying more pushing Peter's head up and down.

It doesn't matter if Quentin doesn't love him as Peter does.

Perhaps he will someday.

Chapter End Notes

I'm hoe for comments. Pls do

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Sometimes he calls Peter drunkenly in the middle of the night to tell him how much he wished they were something more and sometimes he completely ignores Peter.

It's giving Peter a severe case of whiplash.

### Chapter Notes

Inspiration came to me unexpectedly and it made me log in my account after a long time and write a chapter for this story that I didn't even plan on continuing and omg I-

You guys really liked it!

I can't thank you enough for all the amazing and sweet comments in the first chapter, believe me, I went and read through all of them carefully and let them made my day, seriously every single one of them was amazing, thank you so much <3 and reading them made me write a continuation:)

You're truly the best <3

So I really hope you enjoy this and tell me about that:D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter had a little of an overthinking session –in his shitty bathtub, half-filled with a few drops of the expensive essential oil Quentin gave him, cranberry vodka on the toilet seat as unstopping tears wetted his face– after the awkward, hurtful talk they had at Quentin's office.

It was like a reality check.

And Peter wanted to die.

Because, yes, his stupid sweet, corny, and hopeful wishes just were so... dumb. How could he even *think* that Quentin wanted something serious, or really, *really* liked Peter, that they would wake up together every day and have breakfast, or that they would go to Coney Island on Sundays, walking hand in hand as couples do; how could he think that Quentin wanted him not just for sex.

How could Peter think that Quentin loved him?

God, Peter is so naive. He rolls his eyes at himself every time he thinks about it.

But it's just that sometimes Quentin looks at him with a little too much appreciation making his eyes shine, he touches him like Peter would break or like he is something Quentin marvels with all his heart and he treats Peter like he deserves the world.

But sometimes he makes Peter feel like a mere trashcan when Quentin catches himself looking at Peter lovingly or when he is saying something sweet he shouldn't say to then later play it as a joke.

MJ told Peter that he deserves better.

And Peter is too blindingly in love to realize that what Quentin has to offer is not *better*. But to Peter, it is.

Still, Peter tried to distance himself from Quentin after the talk, to heal and forget about this little affair or move on because clearly, it was going nowhere. At least not where Peter wanted.

He failed on the first day of trying that.

When Quentin quietly sneaked a hand down Peter's belly when Peter was on the phone with a client and taking notes for Quentin to read. He tried to fight it, he even elbowed Quentin harshly because Peter just was so angry at himself and Quentin, but he gave up, said goodbye to the client with a breathy voice, and pushed his boss against the wall to hungrily and frustratedly attack his mouth with his own.

Peter couldn't even feel guilty about succumbing, to be honest.

Not when Quentin arrived late at his business meeting just because he wanted to be with Peter.

*"You guys are going on a date?"*

Michelle's voice was filled with evident incredulously.

"We always go on dates together," Peter said casually while looking in the mirror at the third outfit that he has tried on in fifteen minutes.

*"Yet, you're not a couple... right?"*

Peter rolled his eye, "Right."

*"Honestly, I don't know what you two are doing."*

"Shut up, I know what I'm doing," He said distractedly.

He definitely doesn't know what he's doing.

Still, he distracted himself away from that thought by choosing a brand name jacket that Quentin gave him a few months back. He liked how he looked in it, going with the matching pants that were maybe a little bit too tight on him. He approved his reflection and proceeded to finish combing his hair all the way back.

Peter knows Quentin's likes it when he does his hair like that because it gives him an urge to mess it up. Mostly when Peter is on his knees.

*"I don't get it. You called me five days ago crying and saying how done you were and how you were gonna break—" She sighed, "Whatever thing you two have going on."*

"Sometimes people change their mind," Peter reasoned. Mostly to himself, "Besides, sex with Quentin is just *way too good*. I honestly can't resist, MJ. I'm still sore from yesterday—"



*"Ugh, don't need to know that –So, now you only want him for sex too? "*

"What? No," Peter frowned confusedly.

*"I mean, it doesn't sound too crazy. He only wants you for sex, apparently. It would be fair if he was only your booty call too, you know?"*

"What on earth are you talking about?"

*"I'm just saying, I think it would bug him if you start hooking up with other guys. Anyways, you two are nothing serious, right?"* Peter could clearly see his friend shrugging and smirking, *"That sounds like a good plan. Vanity Fair says that jealousy is always the key to find out that you really like someone."*

Peter merely scoffed at such a ridiculous statement.

"Beck is not the jealous type."

Michelle laughed sarcastically, *"Oh, you wait and see."*

Peter didn't answer, MJ was speaking shortly after.

*"Brad has been calling you again, right?"*

"Yeah..."

*"And, he wants to try things out again, right?"* She pondered, *"You guys still hook up?"*

Peter frowned at his phone and stammered, "Uh, s-sometimes but –where are you going with this, Michelle?"

Okay, he does hook up with his ex from time to time. Mostly when he is feeling self-deprecating and unworthy. It's a weird feeling, it always comes when Quentin hints something that their relationship is nothing but friendly fucking or when Peter finds out he spent the night with someone else. Peter is human, okay? And he gets to do stupid shit –like fucking his ex out of spite of Quentin's lack of care and attention.

Besides, Brad isn't *that* bad. The sex is good most of the time. But Brad tends to be a toxic, possessive, intolerant prick. That's why Peter broke up with him a year ago. But, he's actually going to therapy or something he told Peter because he's been acting differently, really sweet, and mentioning that it would be nice if they got back together and try it again.

Of course, that thought never crossed his mind, Brad is not Beck. So no.

*"What I'm trying to say is that I kinda doubt Quentin will be too fond of the fact that you're seeing someone else and, I don't know!"* She said excitedly, *"Brad seems like he's changed. You should give it a go, bro."*

He was left staring at his own reflection looking back at him with a frown because *what?* Somehow, what nonsense MJ said... made sense to Peter, was he really contemplating d–

*"What are you wearing anyway? Have you decided yet?"*

"Yeah..." Peter turned around to twist his head and look back, he shrugged and nodded, "I look good, I think."

*"Ugh, so modest. You know you're a snack. Send me a pic, nerd."*

Peter did so shortly and heard his friend hummed appreciatingly.

"You like?"

*"Your ass looks great, I approve,"* MJ said happily, *"Quentin will literally drool."*

Peter just laughed. Because he knows for a *fact* that Quentin will drool.

.

*Jealousy is always the key to find out that you really like someone.*

Peter pondered.

.

Peter wanted to stop the stupid and heart-breaking disappointment cultivating itself in the center of his heart. He wanted to stop the consuming anger from letting itself out and make Peter say something that will start a problem that could be avoided.

But Peter didn't want to avoid it.

Peter didn't speak or question anything when Quentin started driving the familiar way to where his apartment in Manhattan is, they were supposedly going to dinner and then the movies, that's why Peter took so long to get ready, he wanted to impress Quentin because he sees Peter in his office clothes most of the time.

He wanted to look more attractive, more desirable, better, he wanted Quentin to show him off and be proud of him.

But, *yeah right*.

Quentin perhaps and most-likely only cares about what's underneath his clothes, not Peter's effort.

And Peter should know it, he shouldn't be surprised; it's not really Quentin's fault, it's Peter's own for expecting the mere impossible and hoping that Quentin will suddenly want to marry him and drop everything else to be with him.

But, that's just an ugly, selfish, and silly thought, isn't it?

Peter should be embarrassed of himself. He *is*.

He feels dumb and uncomfortable.

But, Peter was still saying nothing when they were riding the elegant elevator and entering Quentin's penthouse after. He could say nothing really, Quentin has been on a business call almost since he picked Peter up, if not Peter would definitely ask what the fuck. But, Quentin held his hand on the elevator and halls as they walked, that, at least, comforted him truthfully.

Even if the ugly anxiety was killing him.

Quentin was still on the phone call when he sat down on the white, impeccable living room and left Peter to wander freely in the amazing flat. Peter tried standing in front of Quentin and pull at his hand to make him stand up and *pay attention* to Peter but Quentin only gave him a short look and kissed the top of his hand tenderly, maybe as an apology –And, Peter understands, really. It was a really important client and Quentin is an excellent businessman.

But, what's bothering Peter is the fact that Quentin promised he would let work out of their date tonight. He promised that over sweet, annoyingly affectionate kisses he was giving all over Peter's face when he finished reading the emails in his office.

(Yet, Quentin claims he feels nothing but lust towards Peter, MJ would say wisely)

So, Peter sighed and ventured himself towards the kitchen to find snacks, and maybe whatever alcohol Quentin definitely has to calm his nerves and stress. He ended up munching on freshly washed strawberries and taking small gulps of a really strong cognac that he deluded with sparkling water.

He prepared one for Quentin –and as he was doing that he stared at the man talking easily, confidently and smiling slightly, with short, charming laughs to fill the silence. His beard was recently trimmed and his hair was nicely combed back, it's been a while since Quentin undid his tie and first few buttons of his dress shirt, he always does that after work and Peter doesn't know why he finds that so endearingly attractive.

Peter huffed in defeat –That bastard is so unfairly hot.

Quentin could be the death of him but he gives Peter great orgasms and he can't die just yet, honestly.

Peter had a strawberry halfway in his mouth as he went to the living room again, he stood in front of Quentin, in-between his spread legs and stretched out his hand holding the glass with liquor, Quentin looked at him, then at the glass before taking it distractedly and giving the contents a short sniff, he hummed to the client before throwing his head and emptying all the liquid in his mouth in a single go before swallowing it quickly to continue talking.

Peter widened his eyes and slapped Quentin's shoulder softly. He sat down. Really close to him. Placing one of his legs over Quentin's and hugging his middle, not letting go stubbornly, still munching on the strawberry. He buried his face in the other's neck and breathed in the strong, fresh cologne Quentin always wears. Peter loves it. So much that he started delivering tiny, wet kisses to the side of his neck, traveling up to his strong jaw until his mouth landed on the bearded cheek. Peter felt it move as Quentin kept speaking, he gave Peter a warning glance, but Peter didn't care, he began biting playfully the skin of his cheek and jaw before blowing a small, quiet raspberry right in the corner of his mouth.

Then, Quentin was pushing him away with his elbow and looking at Peter with a small frown.

"Yeah, of course, hold on," He said to the phone and separated from his face to whisper quickly: "This is really important, Peter. Please stop that and behave."

Peter actually was left taken aback. He stared at Quentin with a confused frown and fast blinking. Quentin seldom speaks to him like that, he is a really patient person. Peter felt embarrassed and silly. Peter let go of him slowly and shifted on his spot uncomfortably, Quentin did notice the hurt expression because he looked over twice and tried to grab Peter's hand but Peter pretended he was busy grabbing his own glass with liquor. He felt stupid for feeling the burn of tears in his eyes, he didn't allow himself to cry because Quentin always freaks out or feels bad when Peter cries. Besides, maybe Peter was really being annoying and inconsiderate with Quentin being on a business call.

He swallowed the alcohol in a go too and cringed slightly. Beck watched him but Peter didn't look at him.

Maybe he was being dramatic, maybe he was being sensitive –but Peter was just so fucking *hurt*. And not just because of this, because of everything, the situation, his relationship, his feelings, he was upset and it was almost like Peter is having enough and less patience as the days go by.

As if he's realising what the fuck is up. Finally and painfully.

Peter sighed tiredly and laid down on the couch, on his side, his feet barely touched the side of Beck's thigh because he curled his legs and used his own arm as a pillow while he watched the muted TV. The cognac left an ugly after-taste but Peter found himself with droopy eyelids and a tired mindset, maybe it was the two glasses of alcohol that were making him feel warm and sleepy, or maybe it was work tiring him to a limit or it was just the thought of Quentin not loving him.

Who knows?

But, Peter ended up drifting into unconsciousness accidentally.

He barely acknowledged Beck's tender touches on his foot and ankle, massaging, but it was comfortable enough.

Quentin never left his mind.

-

Peter felt soft tingles on his cheek and eyelids and he moaned moodily, moving his head and shifting heavily, still planning to continue sleeping. The sound of music was vaguely heard. More tingles to his face and Peter groaned stubbornly, lifting his hand slapping away whatever was touching him, only to encounter another hand, he slapped it away anyway and groaned again.

A chuckle echoed in his ear and the familiar voice mumbled, "You're cute, Parker."

Peter's lips curved into a small, sleepy smile.

A finger poked at his nostril and Peter gave the ultimate annoyed whine and stretched his arm to blindly hit Beck, his loose fist landed on his face and Beck laughed, biting Peter's fingers.

"Stooop," Peter spoke groggily, attempting to face away but Quentin didn't let him, "Let me sleep."

"Wake up, sleepyhead," Beck said, "You look annoyingly cute, maybe I'll let you sleep just because of that."

A tender caress on Peter's parted lips made him finally open his eyes, he didn't have to squint too much because the lights were dimmed. Peter turned his head to the side and found Beck sitting on the ground beside the couch, to be at Peter's level. Beck was grinning softly as his hand caressed Peter's scalp. Peter hummed contently and turned on his side to face the other.

"Hey, baby," Beck was still mumbling, "You fell asleep."

"What time is it?" Peter's eyes were half-closed. The hand on his head wasn't helping to keep him awake.

"Just a little past nine."

Peter shifted and just watched the tired blue eyes.

"I'm off work now," Beck announced.

"Finally?"

He chuckled and pinched Peter's cheek playfully, "How about we order take out and get drunk?" He paused as his thumb ran over Peter's bottom lip, "Then fuck in the balcony?"

The younger rolled his eyes.

"What is it?" Quentin looked at him funnily.

Peter stayed silent for a moment and looked away, "Why are we here, Quentin?"

"Why are we... Here?" Quentin frowned confusedly, "I don't understand."

He couldn't help letting out an annoyed sigh, "The plan was to go to that restaurant we like and then to the movies."

"Well, yeah but, I figured this was okay too," Quentin smiled, frowning a bit as if Peter made no sense at all. And, it *angered* Peter, "You don't wanna be here?"

"I do. I just—" Peter sat down and looked down, pushing Quentin's hand on his head away carefully, "... I put on, like, nice clothes and all because we were supposedly going out."

Quentin sighed, but it wasn't an annoyed one. It seemed tired and... Guilty. He stood up to sit down next to Peter on the couch, who still had a sleepy expression and pout. Quentin looked a little remorseful, he eyed Peter carefully and the guilt in his face was starting to be more noticeable but when Peter looked at him he quickly looked away and sighed again, this time he did sound annoyed.

Beck always does that. Whenever Peter catches him staring, or when he catches himself being stupidly sweet and soft with Peter and

"I should've asked you first, okay?"

Peter didn't say anything.

Quentin didn't too for a moment. Peter was about to stand up, already expecting Quentin to tell him to stop behaving as if Peter was his boyfriend and as if they were a *real* couple. And, Quentin would be right, that's the worse of it all. Peter doesn't really have a right to claim or fight anything. Hell, he should be just happy that Quentin is choosing to give a moment of his busy life to Peter and not spend it with someone else.

Peter hasn't always has had the best self-esteem. MJ always says that's his biggest flaw.

Peter hates himself for thinking like that, to ignore his own worth as if Quentin was the biggest deal and savior and Peter was the little desperate, lost puppy. And, honestly, sometimes it felt like it really was like that.



But, Beck moved to pull Peter back down on the couch and he held the side of Peter's face. Peter looked at the blue eyes, they were bright as always, they just looked a little exhausted, Quentin looked exhausted but he gave a sweet, genuine apologetic small smile.

"Hey, I'm sorry, okay?"

Peter couldn't help but allow his stomach to do a little flip. He hid a wide grin threatening to come by biting his bottom lip and shrugging casually.

"It's alright, Mr. Beck," He bit Quentin's palm playfully and then licked it afterward.

Quentin raised his eyebrows, "You know what happens when you call me that?"

"Yeah, I think I have an idea," Peter laughed loudly when Quentin attacked his face with little soft, quick kisses all over his face, "Stop! You're messing up my hair."

"It looks sexy messed up," Quentin pulled back and smiled easily, "Then, wanna go somewhere else? We'll go to your favorite sushi place."

Peter sighed lazily and laid down heavily, putting his legs over Quentin's, "I don't know, I'm alright with being here, I guess. I'm tired."

"You sure?" Quentin looked hesitant, he started massaging Peter's feet and ankles like Peter likes, "It's still kinda early, Pete."

"Yeah," He trailed off and looked at the enormous television, wondering, before shifting to stretch his body and groaning exaggeratedly, "I'm okay with being here, really," He mumbled with a strained voice.

*And, I just want to be with you.* Peter left that out, fearing it would come out as too personal. But, fuck, that's all Peter wants, be with Quentin.

Quentin smiled, getting on top of Peter to kiss him deeply, "I'll prepare us dinner. How's that sound?"

"Amazing," He sighed and hugged the other's shoulders.

"Mhm, you smell nice," Quentin murmured, sniffing Peter's neck, "Is it the one I gave you?"

Peter hummed, "The one that was stupid expensive and I got mad at you for buying it."

"*But*, you love it."

"Ugh, I do, okay?"

The man chuckled and gave him a last kiss to stand up and leave Peter on the couch to start making dinner. Peter hid his face on the cushion, try to *cushion* away his ridiculous enormous smile and blush as he heard the fumbling around in the kitchen and 90's playlist Quentin chose.

They're just fucking.

Yet –sometimes they act like a couple celebrating their fifth year anniversary.

Damn you, Quentin Beck.

—

Call Peter lame and boring.

But, missionary is his favorite position.

How could it be not?

It feels personal. It feels nice. The dick inside him reaches in just the perfect right angle *and* he

gets to look at Quentin's face and his half-closed blue eyes. Visual contact has always turned Peter on during sex. Kissing and having Beck to lower his head to lick and bite his neck as they become one and his body starts moving with fast, hard thrusts is a favorite on Peter's preferences and likings.

But, Beck us going slow and languid tonight.

It feels different, it's not their usual rough, desperate, and experienced session. It's just the fewest of times that Quentin wants to take it slow and take the whole time in the world to build up tension and pleasure for both of them. Peter likes it. Peter *loves* it. It makes him feel warm and fuzzy inside, it's intense and his whole body clenches at the care in Quentin's touches.

Peter doesn't think he's ever *made love*. Like, that sweet, unhurried emotional fucking that everyone talks about. Maybe he and Brad did it the first few times they started sleeping together but he doesn't really know. They did love each other very much and you need to love someone for the sex to turn romantic deep, right?

So, Peter doubts he's ever made love with Quentin.

But, if anything, this here, right now, at this moment, how they're fucking, Peter would say is the closest they had got to making love.

Because –*holy fuck*.

"Ah," Peter bit his bottom lip to silence himself and brought his arm to his face.

"Don't do that. I wanna hear you."

Beck fucked into him again, strong but slow, his mouth ran over Peter's shoulder and chest. His hand is pulling at his hair in a gentle, firm way, still letting know who's sweetly in charge. Beck bit his nipple and kissed it twice. Peter moaned lazily and threw his head back, allowing his fingers to grip the long strings of the carpet under his body. It rubbed under him in a pleasant way.

Yes –they ended up on the carpet, in the middle of the living room, after Beck tackled Peter over and almost tickled him to death until they ended up making out and taking off their clothes clumsily while giggling to each other like little kids as if someone would hear them, they stayed

there in the carpet; because it was comfortable enough and they were a bit too tipsy and lazy to move to the couch or room.

Quentin accidentally put on too much lube because he squirted a little too hard at the bottle when he laughed at this awful, stupid joke Peter drunkenly told him, and it should be comical enough, Peter rambling nonsense like he tends to do as he laid on the floor naked with his legs spread, waiting impatiently and pushing at Quentin's chest and belly with his feet playfully, when he would get close to his face Quentin would try to bite his feet and Peter would squirm away laughing.

Until Beck shut him up by kissing him and burying himself inside Peter recklessly and knowingly fast.

Beck's been giving Peter this little wet kisses. His hand has been resting on the side of his face, caressing him, his thumb keeps brushing his lips and Peter sometimes sucks on it or bites it, the thumb sometimes gets stuck between their lips because they can't hold back from making out like horny, pliant teenagers in love.

"Fuck, I'm close," Peter whispered when he started touching himself and the other began going a tad bit faster.

Beck didn't answer, he just pecked Peter's parted lips and continued.

Peter wrapped his legs around Beck's waist to try and pull him in closer, deeper. Beck obeyed and Peter gasped, his hands coming up to grip the strong arms. He's letting out this little, soft sounds and pants, with his head turned sideways and his face scrunching up more in ecstasy and pleasure by every passing second.

Peter doesn't really know what made him look up and open his eyes.

Maybe Beck was just being too quiet, or maybe he just felt the heavy gaze on him.

Because Beck was *staring*.

The blue eyes were running all over Peter's feature, they almost looked like they were admiring, taking in all of Peter's features. Peter caught this dopey, content shine in Beck's eyes and face. He

looks breathless, caught up in the moment, and stupidly fond of Peter. Like, as if he couldn't believe his fucking luck of getting to see Peter like that.

Beck hasn't ever looked at Peter like that, or maybe he hasn't noticed before. Maybe the sex was just being too good and Peter just fulfilling Beck's expectations.

But, Peter loved it, his heart ached and he felt like crying. It was fucking intense.

He was about to kiss Beck, or smile at him or just stare at him the same way he was being stared at, or just finally and carelessly yell at him how much he loves Beck –but he couldn't.

Because Beck noticed he was caught staring at Peter and he quickly acquired a small frown, the whole pretty, wholesome look was gone, he lowered his face and bit Peter's sweaty neck distractedly, a bit too harshly, Peter winced. He started going faster and harder, almost appearing upset. Peter had mixed feelings too.

Peter was confused, he was turned on and he was angry at the same time.

He just wants to stop *thinking* and just enjoy.

Apparently, Beck too.

"Is this good?" Beck panted, referring to his fucking.

Peter just hugged his torso tightly and kissed his face softly, trying to soothe him and tell him wordlessly everything is okay.

Beck made him come first and in the middle of it, Beck kissed him deeply, leaving no room to breathe or process. He looked like a crazed man every single twitch and gasp Peter gave as he fucked him through his orgasm. He always watches Peter when he comes. He always watches Peter, period. No matter what, even if Beck pretends he doesn't.

Peter let him keep sliding in and out of him, his hands rested on Quentin's chest and they made eye contact for a short moment, both of their eyes were heavy and half-closed. Beck is so hot and Peter

can't get enough of that consuming thought, his brown hair is on his forehead and his beard keeps brushing Peter's chin and nose. Beck's wandering hand brushed Peter's face and he turned to kiss Beck's palm sweetly.

"I'm close, baby."

Beck kissed him longingly and mutter his confession. Peter started rolling his hips back, chasing Beck's hardness. Peter ignored the over-sensitivity and slight pain that invades his lower body after coming, but he desperately wants Beck to get off on him. He wants to be the reason for Beck's pleasure and surrender. He wants to be the reason Beck gets hard and longs after Peter. He wants to be the reason Beck gets distracted at work and calls him in the middle of the night to just hear Peter's voice. He wants to be desired, admired, and wanted.

By Beck, not just anyone, just *Beck*.

-

**Brad:~ 4:12 a.m**

I miss you Peter

Been thinking about you a lot

Remember our trip to Canada?

**Brad:~ 5:00 a.m**

I really miss you.

-

"Oh, my God," Liz snickered, "You're walking weird. *Again*. People won't fall for the 'I fell down on my bike' anymore if you keep showing up like this."

"Shut up," Peter rolled his eyes but smirked, dropping his things and coffee on his desk before flopping down carefully on the comfy chair Quentin gave them a few months ago chair.

Quentin always makes sure his employees - and *Peter*- get good treatment.

"Honestly? I can actually picture Mr. Beck as someone who likes it rough and kinky," Liz shrugged.

"*Shut up*," Peter hissed, watching the cleaning lady glancing weirdly at them.

She always happens to be near when their gushing about Beck and she once caught Peter and Beck leaving the cleaning closet unfixed and flustered, with Beck fixing his tie and pants, trailing behind Peter combing his hair and wiping his mouth. She probably knows what's going on between the boss and his secretary but hasn't comment anything to anyone. Peter appreciates that but still makes him feel abashed.

"Doesn't he?" Liz grinned.

Peter threw him an eraser playfully, "We like a little bit of everything."

Liz wiggled her eyebrows and went back to typing on her computer, Peter pulled out his iPad, already having memorized today's schedule and finishing getting ready everything for Beck's very important meeting that he has with potential investors and new clients. Beck was so nervous and stressed that Peter was kind and worried enough to give him a back massage and a sloppy blowjob; Beck's favorites treats.

Peter is the only person that Beck trusts him to tell him about his problems and burdens, or just vague thoughts and overthinking, though he sucks at telling Peter about his feelings –he knows all of that because Beck has told him plenty of times.

"Peter, question," Liz interrupted his hurried sliding on the iPad.

He looked at her distractedly, "Yeah?"

"Are you hooking up with Brad again?" She asked casually, tilting her head.

Peter frowned, "Mm... Not recently, why?"

"Well, he's been leaving me messages and notes for you on the company's phone because you aren't answering him."

Peter huffed, rolled his eyes and flopped back on the backrest, "Oh, God."

"He's really *insistent*."

"Yeah, he wants to get back together but I don't want to."

"Why not?" She frowned, "He's hot and seems like a nice dude."

"*Because* I'm with Beck," Peter said quickly but then stumbled in his own words, "W-well, n-not like we're actually together but we're fucking, you know? And I have enough problems with Beck."

"Peter, I don't know how many times I've told you this," Liz sighed, "But, as much as Mr. Beck is into you... The guy doesn't really want commitment, I can sense that fuckboy vibe out of him and I've accidentally overheard him telling that to his asshole, rich friends –Besides... " She trailed off and looked away from Peter, not without giving him an awkward grimace, "I think he's fucking Mary from engineering."

Peter straightened up in his chair slowly, "What?"

Liz sighed and rubbed her face nervously, "I'm sorry, okay? I wasn't supposed to tell you but I can't stand watching you getting played, Pete. You're my friend."

Peter didn't hear anything but the last confession. He can hear his heart beating fastly but at the same time dropping to his stomach. He clung the iPad to his chest and began nibbling on his upper lip in pure anxiety. His voice was quiet, sad, tragic, and fucking pathetic.

"How do you know he's fucking Mary?"



Liz looked down, "I heard her and her friends speaking about it and... I-I accidentally walked in Mr. Beck's office without knocking and found them making out on his desk—"

"*Okay*," Peter cut her off firmly, he took a shaky breath and forced out the biggest smile, he scoffed and waved his hand dismissively, "I already knew that. We're not exclusive."

*Fuck, no, we aren't.*

"Peter..."

"It's okay, I don't care, Liz," Peter read an email without even taking in the words of understanding them. How could he?

Liz saw right through him but didn't comment on anything, he just reached over to squeeze Peter's arm and rub her thumb there in a comforting manner.

An unwanted, sneaky tear left Peter's left eye and he roughly wiped it off his red cheek. Liz grabbed Peter's hands.

"You deserve better, Pete."

Peter scoffed and wiped away another tear, "I can't believe his fucking *her* out of everybody in this fucking building —"

"Good morning, Mr. Allen," A familiar voice interrupted them, making them jump in their seats, Beck was walking by and looking at them with piercing blue eyes, he nodded at Peter and smiled easily handsomely, "Mr. Parker."

"Good morning, Mr. Beck," They both said simultaneously, though Liz's voice was more noticeable.

The man stopped by their desks, closer to Peter's, "Is everything ready for my meeting?"

"Yes, sir," She nodded and stood up, grabbing a bunch of folders, "Should I put these on the visitor's seats already?"

"Be a dear, honey, yes," Quentin smiled at her charmingly.

Peter didn't even have the energy to be annoyed by the stupid nickname Beck says to everyone but him, he knows Beck does it just to riled Peter up and have a heavy and desperate makeout session in his office but he doesn't even have the energy for that too.

He is *tired* of it. But, fuck so in love with it.

"Any new messages, Mr. Parker?" Beck said distractedly, playing with the little Star Wars figures he keeps at the side of his desk.

"Not really, just the investors and clients confirming their assistance," Peter looked at his iPad so he didn't have to look at the blue eyes.

"Perfect."

Peter hummed.

Quentin chuckled, look at their surroundings, and said quietly, "I like the scarf on you. Why are you wearing it, Parker? It's not even that cold outside."

Beck left severe bruises and embarrassing marks all over his neck and chest one day ago when they last hooked up even though Peter effortlessly told him to *not*, Beck didn't care because they both *love* it. And, fuck Beck, man, a smile wanted to invade Peter's face but he forced it away and kept a straight face, he stood up and finally looked at him. Beck was grinning at him softly and eyeing him up and down, Peter did the same thing, unconsciously.

"I need to receive the clients, they're probably on the building already," Peter said lowly. Beck stepped closer, far too close.

"I know," Beck gazed at his lips and raised a hand to loosen the scarf on him a bit, "Be a good boy

and treat them nicely," He bumped Peter's chin with his fingers playfully.

And, Peter merely widened his eyes and turned around quickly to walk away at the same pace his heartbeat was going. He could clearly feel the blue eyes staring at him after he was gone, he wanted to cry and laugh at the same time, he wanted to fucking kiss the life out of Beck's mouth and bend over his chair but punch him in the face at the same time. He wanted to yell at Beck but stay quiet at the same time, he wants to fight and just give up without a single blink of an eye. He's just done. But still fighting for it, for *this*.

He stood beside Liz on the entrance of the meeting room as they received the gentleman with happy smiles and greetings, Beck walked in first a while ago and he discreetly brushed his hand on his ass, Liz wasn't looking and Peter poked it with his pen and gave his boss a deathly stare. Beck just chuckled and it angered Peter –Because he probably does this to Mary and the bunch of people he has fucked and is fucking.

Peter was trying to contain his cry for help and the redness in his face that comes when he's incredibly upset, not even his sweet, pretty smile was covering his true expressions.

Liz eyed him and whispered hurriedly, "Go to the bathroom to chill, you don't look well. I got it."

Peter shook his head, "No, Beck wants me to play the presentations and videos. You know how he gets with the meetings."

"I know and I can handle it, Pete."

"I know you can but I'm completely fine, Liz," He lied.

"Pete, you look close to a fucking breakdown. Go to the—"

"I said I'm *fine*."

Liz sighed but quickly smiled at the last client entering the room, "Alrighty, whatever you say."

Peter thought their conversation was over but before they went in and started everything, Liz

grabbed his arm and made him look at her.

"Don't get hang up on him if he isn't getting hanged up on you," She muttered, "I'm just saying you should give Brad a chance, he came by and left you your favorite dessert for lunch, I wasn't supposed to tell you until later but I'm telling you now. *Wake up, Peter.*"

Peter was left staring at the back of her head as he walked in and started the projector. He did take her favor and went to the bathroom to lock himself in a stall.

-

*Wake up, Peter.*

-

Peter knocked carefully on the thick wooden door of Beck's office, his iPad held loosely in his hand. He heard a loud permission to enter and he did just that, Liz stared at him and smiled as Peter turned around to close the door behind him. He looked around the wide room and at the large window letting the Empire State in plain, glorious sight. Beck was standing by the small bar he has in the corner and serving himself his usual drink that he pours himself around this hour in the morning; Beck used to serve himself alcohol all the time but Peter would always scold him and pout at him and make him a sugary tea in the kitchen to bring it to Beck. Peter was always insisting for him to drink tea instead.

Beck changed the habit a few months ago, for Peter.

"Hey there," Beck mumbled, smiling slightly at him, "Want a drink?"

Peter watched his boss pour himself a black tea in a large cup. He shook himself politely, "Thank you."

"Is Liz gone?"

"Yeah, she's off to get your lunch," Peter said, playing with a paperclip that he found on Beck's

desk.

"Great," He nodded, walking towards Peter and taking a sip of his tea, "Wanna have lunch with me? I ordered an extra steak. Your favorite."

He shook his head again, "I'm not that hungry but thank you."

He is *starving* and he would desperately and gladly have lunch with the older man but Peter's purpose and promise of distancing himself from Quentin began this morning after the talk with Liz.

He will *not* succumb this time, even if Quentin bites at his earlobe and whispers how badly he wants to kiss and finger him as Peter tries to read messages for him or if a quiet hand roams over Peter's belly, teasing under the waistband as he talks on the phone for Quentin. He will not give up now, he's had enough; he is trying to convince himself.

He won't fall for the irresistible dirty touches, strong arms, tall body, handsome face, and blue eyes. Just, no.

*Ha.*

Peter heard his own consciousness laughing at him.

"Oh, right, sorry, Pete –Are you feeling better?" Beck asked worriedly, standing in front of Peter who was leaning on the edge of his desk, "Liz told me you got a belly ache. Is it the Thai food we ate last night?"

"No, no, I'm feeling better," Peter smiled awkwardly.

"Are you sure? –You can take the day off if you want," The man raised a hand to touch Peter's forehead.

"I'm okay, Beck," He slapped it away.

"No *mister*?" A smirk on Beck's lips made Peter look down quickly with red cheeks, he fumbled with his iPad clumsily.

"I've got new emails and messages for you."

"Mhm..." Beck stepped even closer, tilting his head and eyeing Peter's features with a softness that almost made Peter smile at him, "I'm listening."

Beck raised a hand and began playing with the curls forming on the base of Peter's neck. He still hasn't cut his hair because Beck likes it long. He felt the hand resting on the side of his neck and his thumb brushing on his cheek, it was warm, Peter relaxed a bit, it was almost as if Beck was just taking him in with his eyes. Peter likes it. Peter hates that.

When he senses his boss leaning into his face, Peter quickly turned around and faced the desk. It was probably a bad idea, he realized promptly.

Beck plastered himself behind Peter and wasted no time to begin placing short, little kisses on his neck and ears, his large hands rested on his sides, heavily maintaining Peter in place.

His cock tingled and Peter cursed at himself for such weakness. He took a deep breath and elbowed Beck away, obviously, it did nothing. He bit the inside of his cheek and spoke, trying his hardest to seem uninterested.

"U-uh, Mr. Osborne is reconsidering the o-offer," Peter cleared his throat and elbowed him again, "He says he'll get in touch with you tomorrow night when h-he arrives from Singapore and –Beck, *stop*."

Peter gasped when Beck reached in front of him and his hand unexpectedly gripped him through his tailored pants. He brought his own down to hold the other's wrist tightly.

His boss hummed casually.

"I'm working. And, I have a lot of work to do," Peter said, turning his head to try and look at the man behind him.

"Sure you do," Quentin mumbled effortlessly, rubbing him through his pants and wetly pecking the soft skin of his neck.

"I'm serious," Peter whispered.

"So am I," He nodded and groaned, pulling Peter even closer to his body. Peter shut his eyes and bit his lip, controlling his breathing. He was about to pull away and just leave the fucking office and Quentin's blue balls but—

"God, I know it's been like a day only but fuck, baby, I can't get enough of you."

Peter gently let go of the other's wrist.

"You drive me fucking crazy with you just walking around. No one does that to me, fuck."

Peter really *tried*, okay?

He turned around and faced the man, their noses bumped and Beck chuckled, his hands wrapped easily around his waist. Peter rolled his eyes and bit his lip to ignore his own smile.

"Hey, there, pretty thing," His voice sounded rough.

It turned Peter the fuck on.

"I hate you," Peter mumbled, with not a single hint of hatred in his words.

"Me too," Beck kissed the tip of his nose softly.

The next thing Peter knew, Beck was lifting him by his legs and making him sit on the edge of his desk, accommodating himself in-between the spread legs.

"Beck..." Peter sighed.

The man continued kissing his jaw and neck, savoring him and tasting him like a mad, addict man. Peter's fingers tangled in the light brown hair, pulling him closer.

"Beck," He called again, more firmly.

"Mhm?" Beck said, breathing on his ear and sucking at it.

Peter can't help it. He can't even bear the thought. He needs to know and he is tired of forcing his brain to ignore it. Not even the sweet kisses and languid touches were distracting him. Fuck, his sanity and pleasure.

"Do you do this with them too?" He blurted it out, in a wavering voice, "Are you sleeping with Mary?"

"What?" Quentin pulled away immediately and frowned at him.

"Are you?"

Quentin stared at him, puzzled, "Peter, what?"

"Are you?" He crossed his arms.

The man frowned a bit more before sighing and looking down, he gradually let go of Peter, "Sure, yeah," He said quietly, avoiding the brown eyes. He looked awkward, uncomfortable, guilty even. Like a child caught doing something he wasn't supposed to do.

"It's not a big deal, doesn't mean anything, we're just fooling around, you know?"

*Fooling around.* Beck always says those words.



Peter nodded slowly, taking a deep breath, "... Like we are?"

Beck didn't answer right away, his blue eyes shifted, thinking, he grimaced slightly and shrugged. Him nodding almost passed unnoticed but Peter always notices everything.

"*Yeah.*"

He shouldn't be surprised. Peter knows this. No, he *isn't* surprised.

Don't fucking cry, don't fucking run away in a childish tantrum like you always do –Peter told himself warningly.

Peter doesn't know why he did it, perhaps it was his mere and pure impulses of possessiveness and frustration overpassing his limits because he grabbed Beck's face in a firm grip with his hands and almost knocked his forehead on Beck's harshly to kiss him a little too roughly and messy. Beck was seemingly confused for a moment, his hands raised in the air, before reciprocating with the same fervor and intensity, the things on his desk shook because he pushed Peter against it. He started undoing Peter's shirt and Peter let him, he started kissing down his neck and chest and Peter let him, Beck touched and groped his body irreverently and Peter let him.

He just blankly stared at the wall behind Beck without even noticing he was doing so. The scrape of beard and warm lips on his skin felt distantly cold. The wet sniff he let out passed as a pleased sound. Peter hugged Quentin's neck and tried to savor the moment like he always does.

But there's just something bugging his mind.

He wondered what could it be.

Beck smells so good and Peter hates himself because fuck –Peter does love him till his heart hurts.

-

Peter sometimes feels like he is going crazy.

MJ tells him he is overreacting and that he's going through endless burdens and suffering because he wants to. No one is forcing him, according to her. And, it's true, no one, not even Quentin is making him stay or get caught up on his feelings; it's Peter himself who's putting himself through this because Quentin has been clear from day one according to what their relationship is and how it functions.

It's nothing but playful sex, friendship, and fun.

Peter knows that he perfectly does. But, he tends to hold onto that hope that Beck seems to deliver.

Because, to be honest, sometimes it looks like he is madly in love with Peter but then, the next day he goes and ditches Peter to be with someone else. As if they meant nothing and Peter meant nothing. Peter always loses his mind to anger when he finds out Beck was with someone else.

And Peter doesn't understand, confusion wrecks him because lately, he hasn't been able to hide his anger and annoyance at the non-exclusivity and Beck, instead of freaking out and telling Peter to get out of his ass like he usually would, he evidently feels bad and always finds a way to make it up to Peter.

As if he cared or regretted doing that to Peter.

As if he wanted Peter and just him.

Beck is the definition of uncertainty and compulsive actions that lead to indecisive choices – because some days it's a *yes* and some days it's a *no*. Sometimes he wants to and sometimes he doesn't, sometimes he calls Peter drunkenly in the middle of the night to tell him how much he wished they were something more and sometimes he completely ignores Peter.

It's giving Peter a severe case of whiplash.

And, maybe that can be true –that's the little hope keeping Peter awake at night.

But, he shouldn't hold onto that, anyway. MJ is right.

Peter is used to Beck fucking up constantly.

Because maybe he should move on and date someone else to forget his little affair with his boss. Maybe it will all be alright and Peter will finally stop worrying too much and having anxiety attacks.

He decided to finally answer to Brad texts and calls.

It's for the best, MJ and Liz said.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm a hoe for comments let me know what you think of this chapter yayy

You think there's place for a happy ending?... I think there is ;)

Xo.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Peter finally gave up.

Or, so he thought.

### Chapter Notes

Omg thank you so much for the sweet, lovely words you left in the last chapter :')

I love reading your thoughts guys.

I hope you enjoy this lengthy chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter getting back together with Brad –no quite, but they're trying and giving themselves a shot– should be the best choice possible.

They seem to never stop having sex now.

They feel like teenagers again, when they were in highschool and Brad was upset that he wasn't the one taking Peter's virginity, and that lead to constant and inexperienced fucking that made Peter fall in love with him at the time. He remembers loving Brad so much that he couldn't stop thinking about him, he would smile when he would speak about him and he remembers all the dates and the sweet handmade gifts they would give eachother.

Brad was too possessive of Peter, their relationship was a bit toxic because they were dating in secret.

But Brad was Peter's first love and Brad loved Peter like crazy.

Brad *still* loves Peter like crazy, he doesn't think he ever stopped loving Peter, maybe it weakened a little but it's strong again.

Peter. Just. Doesn't. Know.

He's trying to search for that same feeling. That nervous tingle in his belly, the one that makes him grin without him planning to, the lovely, dreamy feeling of thinking about someone and sighing breathlessly at the intensity of emotion inside his chest.

But he just can't.

He can't feel that completely.

At least not with Brad.

But, Peter's trying and he's forcing himself that he will love Brad as equally. Just in a matter of time, perhaps he will be crazily in love with Brad as he was before.

And, Peter feels bad, he really does.

Because, deep down he knows it's not true and will never be true.

Something about this, his relationship with Beck, the sex, the dates, the fights and the heavily, intense and desperate make out sessions feel kind of good –maybe it was the fact that Peter could hold hands with Brad, hug him, hold him and kiss him without being worried about people being scandalized (at least they don't get scandalized as they would if the man Peter was kissing would be his boss, Quentin), maybe it just was that his boyfriend was proud to hold Peter, or maybe it just was that somebody could walk in on them fucking in a room and it wouldn't cause a revolution like it would with Beck.

Because Peter is the secretary and Beck is his boss.

He and Brad don't need to hide, their relationship isn't forbidden, their love isn't toxic (at least not so much), and they don't know remorse within each other.

Still... Peter wasn't sure he felt fulfilled.

He should. He forces himself to as he said before. He tells himself this is better than any sort of relationship Quentin could ever give him. That Peter is moving on and that fling in the past was just a silly experimental, egoistic game for self-pleasure. That's what Peter tells himself.

He tells himself that Brad is so good to him and that he cares for Peter like Quentin will never do—

But, that's a lie. Nobody will ever care for Peter like Quentin did.

*Does.*

Peter knows he still does. In strange ways but he does.

And, he always finds himself pondering, his mind wandering off to the most secret, unforgiving places in his mind that betray him every time he is with his new boyfriend, with his new life, with his new attempt of being normal.

And, at this point, Peter has just accepted it.

It hurts less.

"Ow," Brad chuckled and moved his arms slightly.

Peter opened his eyes and untightened his fingers off the biceps, he watched the half-moon marks left on tanned skin caused by his short nails; he smiled shyly and rubbed the skin there, "Sorry."

"You're okay," The older man kissed him, continuing the sharp, fluent thrusts.

Their lips felt warm against each other, Peter trembled slightly.

"You look so good like this," Brad muttered gazing at Peter and caressing his cheek, "On my cock."

Peter smiled bashfully and licked at the two fingers running on his lips. He clenched down on purpose, Brad grinned widely and bit Peter's bottom lip.

"I missed you, babe."

Brad is always saying that, ever since Peter accepted his call two weeks ago and accepted to start dating again just to *try*. Honestly, Peter doesn't want commitment and –*ha*. He sounds like Beck now, but maybe that's how Beck feels when he's with Peter and that breaks Peter's heart into a senseless void.

"I fucking missed you and *this*," Brad fucked into him sharply once, he said that with that same husky voice. It did turn Peter on and made him breathless. He was only human after all.

They're still wet from the shower they took together, Peter's still moaning, he still is forcing himself to calm down and not yell at Brad to hurry up and roughen up, because he is appreciative of how sweet and tender Brad can be.

But, it's just not enough.

Brad is not *him*.

"Keep talking to me."

Peter whispered. His legs placed over Brad's shoulders, he felt like he could fall off the bed at any moment by how close to the edge they were, but he didn't care, his head is hanging down over it, making him go red and his veins pop. It kinda hurt but he likes the pain, it keeps him awake.

Peter just gripped the pillow under his hips, spread his legs instead, and turned his head to the side where a photo frame and a picture of he and Beck laid prettily on his desk.

Peter stared into the cause of his affliction, into the blue eyes, smile and hands gripping Peter's shoulders. They took that when they went to Coney Island together for the first time, a tourist took it when they saw Beck and Peter struggling with taking a decent selfie.

Peter sighed and flushed bright red with pleasure.

All while enjoying his body moving while getting fucked as he vaguely listened to Brad telling how hot and sexy he thought Peter was, telling him how much he loved him and how much he harness him.

Peter would have felt numb if it wasn't for that picture staring back at him.

-

Beck had to leave the city for an unexpected inconvenience in Japan from some investors that required his presence.

And –Peter couldn't be more glad and afflicted at the same time.

Why? Because without Beck consuming presence and attention, Peter was going to be able to let go and think things over, to kind of enter a personal rehab for the addiction that is Quentin. He was getting railed up and overwhelmed with everything going with Quentin, every day is cardiac when Quentin is around. Peter needs some time apart from the man, he needs to retake his right moral and ends things with him, to let their infatuating and devastating adventure behind and it's time for Peter to grow up and choose right for himself. Because apparently, Quentin isn't.

But, fuck, Peter misses Beck already.

He misses the cheerful morning greetings, the discreet stares, the sneaky touches, the breathless kisses that they would exchange in the comfort of Beck's office, and the hasty fucking around during work hours. He misses the most, their conversations, and the way they could spend hours talking about nothing and everything at the same time. Beck always makes Peter get all red when they talk because he looks at him with these intense blue eyes, orbs shifting carefully and fondly, eating Peter face up sweetly as his fingers keep brushing back Peter's hair. Because Peter knows Beck is the only one who understands him fully and he hates it has to be that way.

He hates that he has to feel this way and cry himself to sleep every night, holding his chest with his hand because it just fucking *hurts*.



And Beck has been only gone for four days and Peter already feels like he can't keep going.

This is the right thing.

Maybe MJ is right, everything, Beck going to the trip for almost two weeks, and Brad contacting Peter again were meant to be. Like, as if things sort of accommodated themselves for Peter's benefit.

But nothing will ever be Peter's benefit if Beck is not in the picture.

Nothing will ever be *alright* if Beck isn't here, with him, on him, in him, next to him, between him, wherever that fuck but with *Peter*.

"I fucking miss him," Peter sniffed, sitting on the bathroom floor as Brad sleeps in his bed.

They just finished fucking and Peter is still dirty, he is sweaty and the cum is running down his thigh, smeared, like Peter's warm tears on his flushed cheeks. He feels like shit. He feels like vomiting and screaming. But he just sat naked on the cold floor instead and waited for the pain in his chest subsided.

*"I know, Pete. But you're doing the right thing, you're doing so good,"* She said, *"You'll get over him soon."*

Yeah, as if.

-

During the two weeks Beck will be gone, he allowed Liz and Peter to work from home and Beck would call them whenever he had a question, if he wanted to know someone's contact or just to set up appointments, schedules, and meetings for him. Beck could easily take them both or at least one of them but he preferred not to and Peter couldn't help but let anger consume him at that thought.

Because –God knows what will Beck up to doing in Singapore.

Still, he hasn't ever taken Peter to a business trip, like, ever. Just Liz, and rightfully so, because she is the personal assistant and Peter is just the secretary who receives calls, contacts people and set up appointments and dates for his boss.

Peter sometimes doesn't even take his own job seriously but Beck always remarks how important he is to the company - and to *him* -, he's probably just trying to make Peter feel good.

So, this time off that he has, he's used it to eat healthier, exercise, swim in Brad's pool, read the books that he's been postponing since months ago (because Beck was distracting enough) and answer at whatever ungodly hour Beck calls to require Peter's service. Time difference sucks and Beck is just imprudent like that. Though, doing this is Peter's job he doesn't like to be woken up to at 4 in the morning to search for a client's contact or remind Beck of a meeting but... Hearing the older man's voice on the phone, tired and bright makes it all better.

Peter wished he could stay up talking with him.

But Beck apparently has been too busy and preoccupied with the Singapore issue because he and Peter have barely talked about anything other than work-related, let alone texting, Beck just sometimes texts him a sweet morning greeting like as if he would in person. But they haven't had a heart to heart, silly, dirty, funny, whatever conversation whatsoever.

And, Peter's *dying*.

But the bright side is: not talking to him is helping Peter detoxify himself from Quentin Beck.

Brad was great and Peter was feeling slightly better, more content, he was going to parties again, going skating and doing things with someone almost his own age because he was used to hanging out and doing things with Beck who's 36 years old –but fuck isn't that a guilty turn on to Peter?

Everything was going well.

Everything was settling into place slowly.

Until Beck called.

Just in the middle of Peter resting on his hands and knees as Brad fucked him from behind at an incredibly hard pace because Peter asks for it.

He grabbed his phone with shake, clumsy hands, almost dropping it to read the screen.

*Mr. Beck.*

Peter had no choice but to answer.

It was a well-recalled order Beck gave him and Liz. To answer at *any* time Beck calls.

So, Peter fucking complied.

"Fuck, slow down a bit," Peter said breathlessly, reaching back to grip his boyfriend's hip, "Fuck, fuck, *okay*."

He fell down on his belly, bringing Brad with him, he groaned into the pillow when Brad didn't waste time in fucking him again and kissing the back of his neck sloppily. Peter lifted himself on his elbow and looked at the phone screen, grimacing at the bright screen. His body moved in an explicit, sexual way as Brad thrust against him, Peter bit his lip and was about to slide his finger across the screen.

"Are you gonna answer?" Brad asked confusedly.

Peter hummed, "It's my boss."

"What the fuck?" Brad chuckled, biting Peter's shoulder, rolling his smoothly and holding Peter's throat.

Peter almost didn't answer.

"Don't answer, fuck it."

"I'm gonna answer," Peter said and twisted his head back to kiss him stupidly messy; he whispered hotly, "Keep going."

Brad cursed lowly, attacking Peter's back and neck with kisses and bites.

Peter answered almost when the ringing was about to die, he took a deep breath and said way too loudly and high-pitched.

"H-hey, Mr. Beck!" His jaw clenched and he bit his fist as a result of a particular angle his boyfriend trusted in.

"*Hey, Mr. Parker,*" Beck's familiar voice sounded lovely husky on Peter's left ear.

"Hey," He said again, distracted with keeping his breath calm and moans nonexistent.

Brad chuckled behind him, going a little bit faster. Peter started pushing back, not relenting.

"*What are you up to?*" The man asked casually, he sounded tired too, a little bit sleepy to, voice groggy as if he just woke up.

Oh god, *what* is Peter up to.

"Nothing really, just chilling," He mumbled.

Beck hummed.

And, this is fucking hot.

And, fucking risky too. What in the fuck is wrong with Peter?

Though, hey, deep down he was kinda wishing Beck would notice Peter's true actions and let jealousy fill him till the brim.

Oh, how Peter would like that.

*Vanity fair, Peter. Remember.* MJ's voice echoed annoyingly.

"Just chilling?" Beck clicked his tongue, "You sound a little out of breath there."

"Y-yeah, I just, you know, finish working out."

"*Sexy*," Beck mumbled thoughtfully, "*Send me a picture?*"

Oh, Peter wished he could send him a picture, like this, naked, sweaty and flushed, getting fucked stupid irreverently by another man that's making Peter hold back obnoxious noises. Though, Beck could do better; Peter wouldn't be able to hold back if he was with Beck.

Stop—

"Aren't you supposed to be working?" Peter asked.

"Ah, that's why I called, hey," Beck chuckled, "The deal in Singapore finished two days earlier than expected so I'm just arriving to New York, I just got off the plane actually. You wanna come to my place and hang out?"

Peter bit his bottom lip and dogged his face in the soft pillow, reaching back to pinch Brad's hip as a signal to slow down. He did.

"Or, we can go wherever you want."

Peter still didn't answer.

"I missed you, baby," Beck murmured, honest and quiet, maybe a bit embarrassed.

Peter shook his head and clenched his eyes. His heart hurts, but when it doesn't?

Beck saying that makes Peter's brain shortcut. He hates himself because he knows he is capable of just stopping right there and then, showering, getting dressed and dumping Brad to go to Beck. He is capable of just dropping everything and running to Beck's enchantments and arms like a lost fucking puppy.

But, he didn't.

He can do this. He is strong.

Beck just wants to sleep with Peter and pass time because he is stressed about his trip; Peter told himself that, he knew that.

Peter won't fall, not anymore at least.

"So, what'd you say?"

He sighed, "I can't, Beck."

"You can't? Why?"

"I'm hanging out with my friends tonight," He gave it a thought and cleared his throat, "Sorry."

Brad started stopping gradually. He most likely is finding weird and way too *friendly* the conversation with his boss. Peter could already see a jealous fit coming from someone who he didn't want to disturb because Brad is unbearable when he is all paranoid and possessive –which, *hey*, Brad wouldn't be in the wrong direction with his assumptions. As a sweet, guilty comfort, Peter twisted his head quickly to kiss Brad on the lips and whispered for him to keep going.

"*Oh*," Beck murmured, disconcerted. As he should, he must be really confused because Peter seldom denies an offer to go out with him, let alone ditch him to go hang out with his 'friends'. Beck is always his priority. He's trying to change that.

Because, Peter *isn't* Beck's priority.

"*So, you're going out with your friends?*" Beck sounded disappointed.

"Yep," Peter grinned when Brad nibbled on his ear, Peter held his jaw and let the five o'clock beard brush against his palm.

"Well... Okay, yeah, that's cool," Beck said quickly, "I, uh, will be in my apartment if you change your mind. Have fun, yeah?"

Peter hummed, "Thank you, Beck. I will."

"*Yeah, bye, then, Pete,*" The man sighed.

"Bye, bye," Peter said shortly and hanged up before more words could be exchanged.

To avoid feeling bad for ditching Beck and hearing his disappointed tone –even though Peter wanted nothing more than going to Beck's place to hold and kiss the life out of him because Peter missed him so much during these weeks of them being apart– he flipped himself over his back to face his boyfriend and smile at him, he spread his legs around Brad's hips and brought him down by hugging his neck to connect their lips in a soft kiss. Peter hummed against them and whined promptly when Brad wasn't reciprocating.

"Well, that was weird," Brad mumbled against Peter's wet lips, "Are you sure that was your boss?"

Peter frowned and pulled away slowly, "Yeah, obviously,"

"What did he wanted?" Brad rested his hands on each side of Peter's head.

And Peter was feeling a bit annoyed because he was horny, sad and angry at the same time, he was fucking hard and he could feel his boyfriend's respective hard-on resting on his left thigh and Peter just wanted it inside him and keeping going till an orgasm could make him forget everything for mere seconds; still, he managed to lie while sneaking little kisses on Brad's face to ease the frown and tight jaw.

"He was inviting me and Liz to dinner with some clients."

Brad snorted, "Why would he invite *you*?"

"Because I'm his secretary, babe. But, it's my day off today so I declined," Peter sighed.

To his comfort, it was a blatant lie, there was some truth behind it. Beck did invite him somewhere, just what he didn't mention it's that he only invited Peter and Peter *only*.

He doesn't blame Brad for not buying his bullshit completely, Peter is a terrible liar, he is way to good-hearted to lie properly.

"Right... But—" The other was starting again.

*Enough.*

Peter groaned and threw his head back, squeezing his boyfriend's strong arms and shaking him in frustration, "You're being crazy again, Brad. Relax, I'm here with you and just you, okay?"

That was very true.

Brad sighed, not looking fully relaxed.

Peter smiled shyly and lifted his head to deliver Brad's parted mouth a long, sensual lick, before dragging a hand down to rub his own rim slowly with two fingers, spreading the heavy lube and fondle Brad's erection at the same time, kissing him sloppily.



Beck loves when Peter does all that.

"Just shut up and fuck me," Peter mumbled.

Brad smirked handsomely and attacked Peter's lips in a much hungrier, harsher kiss.

Peter's mind definitely didn't wonder to his boss when he rode Brad to oblivion.

-

Monday was almost a blur.

Peter slept in his alarm and barely made it to the street to grab a taxi on time. He didn't have the time to comb his hair or decide meticulously what clothes he would be wearing, he forgot to put on cologne and deodorant too, *and* he had a fight with Brad as they both got ready for work because Brad wants him to go have dinner with his parents and Peter just *doesn't* want to.

(That would be heavily compromising himself into the relationship, right? Peter's just trying to forget Beck, okay? And he's doing whatever it takes and it's not like Brad didn't use him in the past too)

So, Peter's a complete mess.

The first time he'll see Beck after almost a month and Peter's looking like shit and feeling like *utter* shit.

He honestly was just planning on calling in sick but he knows it will be a busy day at the office because of Beck's return. And, yes, damn Peter but he wants to see Beck too. He still is Peter's friend, there's no denying that.

He arrived at the building twenty minutes late, jogging around the corridors and tapping his foot impatiently as he waited for the elevator to go to the last floor. He tried to fix his frizzy, wet hair on the mirror there but it was pointless, it didn't have any product and hair was a lost cause for the rest of the day. At least he did fix his sweater and the collar of his flannel shirt underneath neatly as he

ran to his desk.

"Hey," Peter greeted Liz distractedly while taking off his coat and fixing his work tool on his desk.

"Well, good morning, babe," Liz smiled widely, "We thought you'd never arrive."

"*We?*"

"Mr. Beck and I," She said, "He's been asking for you since he arrived. Oh, and he arrived earlier than usual."

Peter's butterflies living in his stomach came alive when he heard what his friend said. He tried to kill them but he couldn't, they always make themselves present when someone mentions Beck. Peter cursed at himself when a small smile appeared on his thin lips, just because he started thinking about the man in the room that was a few meters away.

"Is everything okay, Pete?"

"Yeah, yeah," He said quickly, grabbing his iPad, "I just fell asleep, that's all."

"Perfect, we have a lot of work today," She huffed, "Meetings and a lot of people Beck wants you to contact. You should go in his office now, he seemed a little stressed... Maybe you can relieve it?"

"Oh, my God, shut up," Peter snorted and threw her a crumbled paper sheet, he then turned around and looked down at himself, "Hey, how do I look?"

Liz rolled her eyes with a smirk, "Decent, Parker."

He stuck his tongue out to her playfully and walked to his boss's office in a hurried way.

"Good luck in there!"

Peter hushed her shortly and knocked on the door softly. He didn't enter till he was told to, just in case. He heard the familiar voice saying '*come in!*' and Peter cautiously opened the big wooden door and stepped in.

He instantly saw Beck –*oh, Beck*– looking outside the large window that worked as a wall, New York's city lights, buildings, and grey sky was the mere perfect sight; Beck has his hands on the pockets of his trousers and he is standing there, so effortlessly and fucking beautifully. Peter felt infatuated. His dress shirt is rolled up to his elbows and his tie is loosely done. Beck sucks at tying his tie, Peter always fixes it for him. Peter stood by the entry, just looking and fucking *looking*.

Because that's all he'll be able to do from now on. Just look and leave the burdening desires to himself.

Beck twisted his head when the door clicked shut and a smile appeared on his face as soon as he saw it was Peter; he fixed his brown hair to the side messily and eyed Peter up and down discreetly at the same time.

But Peter noticed. He always does.

"Hey," The man said casually.

"Hi," Peter breathed out, "I'm so sorry I'm late. I didn't hear my alarm and there was a lot of traffic and I couldn't –"

"Peter," Beck cut him off promptly, chuckling, "It's okay."

The boy nodded and breathed a sigh of relief, he then gave his boss a polite, shy smile and said again and stupidly, "*Hi*."

Quentin's smile didn't fade, "I try texting you and calling you, I was worried."

"I forgot my phone," Peter rolled his eyes at himself and started walking towards the desk.

Quentin did so too, the halo of daylight following him till he was standing next to Peter, he sat on the edge of the desk and crossed his arms before rethinking his position and dragging an arm out to grab at Peter's thin wrist, he pulled him closer in a silent move without Peter stopping him, not even when Quentin positioned him in between his long legs.

Peter let him.

He couldn't pull away when Quentin was giving him a soft grin and eyeing his features as if he was the best fucking thing he has seen in the morning. He brushed Peter's wet curls on his forehead to the side before gingerly dragging his thumb down his cheek and lips. Peter looked down, pulling away from the careful touch.

"I like the hair," The man mumbled.

"Thanks."

"Did you get a cut?"

Peter hummed a no, "I just didn't comb it today."

"I like it," Beck nodded, searching for the chocolate brown eyes.

"Thanks," He said again, quietly.

"What's the matter?" Beck held his chin in his fingers.

"Nothing," The boy shook his head and looked up, catching the blue eyes in his, they're gleaming. He stared at Beck and finally noticed, he gaped with funny disbelief, "You shaved the beard."

"Yeah," He laughed, "I wanted to look like a rightful businessman in Singapore, I was starting to look homeless."

Peter rolled his eyes, a small smile played on his lips and he unconsciously started playing with

Beck's black tie, "You'd never look homeless, Beck."

"I'll grow it again just for you, okay?" Beck smirked, "I know how much you like it."

"Don't worry about it," Peter murmured, again looking down when a finger started running on his bottom lip.

Beck didn't seem to get the hint, he grabbed Peter's middle and leaned in to kiss his ear and jaw, softly, warm and wetly, it made low sloppy sound and Peter actually shivered. He bit his upper lip to contain his nervousness and quickly let go of Beck's tie when he noticed he was holding it in-between his fingers. As if he'd been burned.

"Beck," Peter sighed, tilting his head away and pushing at the big hands traveling to the small of his back.

"Mhm?" His hot breath hit Peter's neck.

"We have a lot of work. The weeks you were gone were crazy here," He stated loudly.

"You always say that and you always want *this*."

"I mean it, Quentin."

"I missed you."

Peter clenched his eyes shut and gripped on the strong arms, pushing him away. He won't fall and fail, he's got this. It's for his own good and Brad is in his mind like a guilty bugger. Another man, Beck, is touching him and Peter hates how much more comfortable and pleased he is at the mercy of his powerful hands. Beck has power over Peter. Beck knows that. And Peter needs to fight that, with all his will or else he thinks he can die into little, pathetic pieces if he cries himself to sleep one more night because of Beck.

So, Peter took a deep breath.

"You have papers to sign, people to call and meetings to attend," He firmly said.

"I missed you, baby," Beck said instead.

And Peter wanted to fucking die because –fuck Beck sounded so sincere and Peter missed him horribly too. But he won't admit it.

He *can't* admit it.

"Beck, I'm serious," Peter whispered weakly, "I have a lot of work to do."

The man pulled away and looked at Peter with an easy, lazy smile, he grabbed both sides of his face and his thumbs rubbed there on his cheekbones, "I'm your boss and right now I'm telling you that you don't have any work to do."

"No—" Peter began.

"I missed you so much," Beck sighed, planting a sweet kiss on Peter's forehead, "I should've taken you. Stupid me, huh?"

Peter shook his head, mostly to himself, and tried to look anywhere but Beck and his stupid mesmerizing blue eyes. He softly held Beck's wrist.

"Pete?"

"What?" He said lowly.

"Have breakfast with me," The man huskily said as he gave Peter's ear a kiss, "We'll go to the Deli shop we like. Then we can sneak into my car..."

Peter loves it when Beck kisses him there.

But—

"No," Peter said a tad too loudly, finally pushing him away completely and stepping away, he fixed his clothes and sighed, "Beck, I have to work."

Beck just stared at him with a confused expression as Peter sat down on the chair in front of the desk and turned on his iPad to distract himself but, he looked up when Beck didn't move, he was looking at Peter as if he was a foreign being from this world, mixed with preoccupation.

Peter sighed again, "Sorry, B."

The man nodded and sighed too, he raised his eyebrows and walked slowly to his side of the desk, he sat down on the black leather chair heavily and leaned back effortlessly, still eyeing Peter, he grabbed a pen and started playing with it before throwing it quite carelessly on the wood.

"What?" Peter asked, not being able to ignore that action and the heavy gaze on him.

"Woke up on the wrong side of the bed?" Beck's question was filled with evident annoyance.

"I'm just tired," Peter said in the same tone.

He really is. He is tired of everything.

-

Peter wants to cry.

Oh, he just wants to cry.

He locked himself in a bathroom stall and did just that.

-

Beck did notice Peter's evident distancing towards him.

But just after maybe two or three days.

After Peter succumbed for a short moment of sinful weakness that made his mind fuzzy when it was late at night, he and Beck were working on some important contracts and papers, when nobody was left on the floor but a few people and when Beck pushed him against the closed fridge when they were taking a snack break. Peter was too weak and too fucking needy. He did allow Beck to touch him like he hasn't been allowing since he arrived.

They made out heatedly and loudly, groping each other and rubbing against each other, like hungry animals from a forgotten zoo, Peter bit on Beck's lip and licked them sloppily, Beck spit into his mouth and kissed him right after, Peter swallowed everything given greedily. They acted like madmen, bewitched, intoxicated, and possessed by the mere fact of being so long and at the same time so little apart from each other.

It felt so good.

It felt right.

Doing that with his boss, with Beck, with his love, his muse. It felt like the right destiny.

Peter, *oh*, so deeply wanted to get fucked like a fucking thousand dollar whore right there against the office's kitchen counter and be watched by everybody, so they could see who the fuck was longing after Peter, no one but their boss, Mr. Quentin Beck.

Peter indulge for a bit.

Beck savored for a bit.



Until Peter pushed him away fastly and said some lame, stuttering sentence to excuse himself out of the room.

Out of his life. If Peter just could, he would.

He lost control for a moment and it felt so good. Peter even wondered if he should just say fuck it and settle for whatever Beck wants to give him because Peter is only truly and madly happy when he is with him.

He is set complete and shattered into pieces at the same time.

Peter couldn't make up his mind, he was hurting and he ended up ignoring the several calls and texts interrupting his phone that Beck made.

Not even that bleary night made some rational sense into Beck's mind about Peter's new intentions and resolutions. He just thought Peter was acting weird because of spoiled stress. He never thought Peter wanted to end things with him for good and just fucking *–stop*.

It hurts Peter deep in his heart things need to be done like this, but he's said that already.

And Peter hates the way Beck had to find out. He hates the disrespectful, long conversation they had and the way things were left.

Because, shit, the toxicity of them both was filled to the brim and he would have never guessed he'll be meeting Quentin's bad side in this way.

Peter had been helping Beck with organizing paperwork and giving him incoming messages, the Singapore deal was still being a problem for the company and Beck was feeling overwhelmed so Peter decided to help with something that was out of his work duties and responsibilities. Because, he was nice and Beck was still his friend.

But Beck had been very relented and insisting since Peter's being rejecting him. Beck held both sides of Peter's neck and began rubbing his thumbs there softly when Peter got distracted with reading something on the tablet, Quentin stood in front of him, where Peter's leaning on the big desk.

"Hey," He said quietly, aiming a peck to Peter's temple but Peter twisted his head away. Beck seemed unbothered by that.

"We haven't fucked in a while."

Peter sighed, pulling the foreign hands off him, "Beck, stop,"

"Let's fuck here," He said playfully and smirked gradually, "...We've never done that,"

"No, stop," Peter's tone was solid.

But Beck tried to direct his mouth towards his and grab at his hips like he did the day on the kitchen as if Peter would give in just like he did that day and acted on frenzy.

And, how *badly* Peter wanted to just do that – but he thought about the flowers Brad brought him last night and the sweet lovemaking to remember himself of the reality.

"I said no," Peter said with frustration lingering in his firm voice, "Drop it."

"I'll make you come hard..."

"*No!*" Peter huffed and pushed Beck's face away quite harshly, "I'm being serious."

Quentin exhaled and finally pulled away, "What the fuck has gotten into you today?" He asked with annoyance and crossed his arms, "Or the last week for that matter."

"Beck," Peter started lowly and motioned the space between them, "We can't keep doing this."

"Doing what?" Beck frowned.

Peter stayed quiet and looked away, he slumped his shoulders and dropped his iPad on the desk behind him.

"Keep doing what? Hooking up?" The man asked again, "Make me understand, Peter. Because I swear to God you're driving me crazy with your mood swings."

"I'm seeing someone," Peter talked over him. It was a quiet statement.

The man eyed him carefully before cracking a chuckle and a confused grimace, "Yeah, you're seeing *me*."

"I'm serious, Beck," Peter rolled his eyes and crossed his arms too, "I am seeing someone."

"What?" His grin disappeared and just an irritated frown was left on his face.

"*What?*"

"You're *seeing* someone," Quentin repeated slowly, almost mockingly. It angered Peter.

But Peter just hummed, looking at his own nails as if it was far more interesting than looking at his boss.

"Yeah, right," Beck snickered and relaxed his shoulders, "What's his name?"

"Brad," Peter answered with no hesitation.

"Brad?" Beck cringed in disbelief, "Your ex?"

"Yeah, who else?"

Quentin didn't answer right away, he just stared at Peter and took a step closer to him. Their height

difference was so evident now when Quentin looked down at Peter and Peter tilted his head up. Peter knows Quentin enjoys being taller than him. They were almost *too* close but Peter didn't push him away.

"... That's nice to hear," Quentin mumbled, distractedly.

"Thank you, Mr. Beck," Peter said sarcastically.

Beck smiled forcefully at him. Peter rolled his eyes again and Beck smirked with fake amusement. Peter knew it's fake because the vein on the side of his forehead is starting to pop and he was getting red, Beck always gets like that when he is angry and upset. And, Peter's not the opposite, his hands are shaking and his clenching his fist around his own arms.

"So what, you two are exclusive or what?" Beck asked after a moment of just what seems a staring contest, "Why can't *we* hook up."

"Because we just started dating and it's getting serious—"

"It's getting serious, huh?" Beck snorted.

"*Mhm.*"

"Are you two fucking yet?" He asked bluntly, without any prior warning or pause.

"*Beck*," Peter muttered and looked away, "That's private."

"What? We're friends, Peter, right?" Beck exclaimed exaggeratedly, raising his arms in the air.

"Well, I don't know!"

Beck scoffed, "Are you two fucking, yes or no?"

"Shut up," Peter said sharply.

"Are you –"

"Beck, seriously, fucking drop it."

"Are you fucking him because if you are–"

"Yes, we are!"

The man fell quiet, his jaw clenched and he looked fucking *angry*. Peter couldn't help feel satisfaction. He thought the conversation would be finished with that and perhaps Beck would ask him quietly to leave but, of course, Beck needed to voice the opinions left in his mind.

"That's sweet," He nodded and grinned funnily, "He seems fucking lame, though. Is he good?"

"Beck, shut up, please," Peter shut his eyes while shaking his head.

"Do you like it?" He continued tauntingly, "I bet you don't."

Peter's heart dropped –along with the anger and disappointment. He just felt sad and exhausted. Beck is unrecognizable, he isn't like this. Something is clouding his mind and it's making him act like a stranger. So is Peter, really, he isn't like this.

They're both being pulled away from their own sane logic and rationality.

Because, he stepped into Beck's personal space abruptly and spoke in-between greeted teeth, "Actually, I do. He fucks me *good* and the sex is great. We did it twice last night, against the wall and on his couch, by the way," He pushed at Beck's chest with his palm, "You wanna more?"

"Yeah, sure," Beck shrugged and pretended to think for a second, "Does he fucks you like I do?"

*"Better."*

Peter lied shamelessly.

The man acquired an amused, funny grin –as if this whole scenario was the most hilarious thing on earth. He chuckled shortly and rubbed at his face. Peter's blood was building hot but he didn't say anything, he just stared at Quentin with overwhelmed eyes and a frown. Quentin didn't say anything either for a minute, he just stared back at Peter and studied him with tired blue eyes.

Until Peter shifted, Beck spoke, lowly and confident.

"I'm waiting, Peter."

"What are you talking about?" He said tiredly.

"When are you gonna admit you're just trying to make me jealous?"

Peter's stomach clenched, he just kept looking at Beck with his eyes watering gradually at every passing second that Beck looked back at him with that angry, mean glance.

Beck pointed at him, "I don't believe a single thing coming out of your mouth, are you trying to make me care about the fact that you're supposedly fucking somebody else?"

Peter just sniffed and looked down at his shoes, he brought his sleeve to wipe his own nose gently. Beck stepped even closer, almost standing nose to nose with him.

"Are you done pretending you're not so ridiculously in love with me that you make me fucking pity you?"

Peter's breath hitched, it trembled. He forced himself to bite back in a bitter tone.

"Fuck you."

Beck blinked several times at that, his eyes were red and moist, Peter couldn't tell well but Beck started breathing in sharply and his fists clenched on his sides.

"You're pathetic," He muttered.

His minty breath hit Peter's face warmly and Peter's eyes dropped a small tear. Another, and another and another scaped, till his face was flushed. He didn't stop looking at Beck and the blue eyes darted away when Peter started crying. Beck's hates it when Peter cries, he hates seeing him cry. His chest is hurting and he wants nothing more than punching Beck and hugging at the same time, to just fix things and pretend this never happened.

But—

"I *hate* you, Beck," He said weakly, breathing out. Like he released a sweet burden.

Peter doesn't mean it.

He never will.

Still, it made Beck features shift, he flinched a little at Peter's confession because it just sounded *so* sincere. But it was just his own affliction and betrayal speaking, not Peter, and he regretted saying that the second it left his mouth but after that, he didn't dare to say something else or he was certain he would collapse on Beck's arm or the ground, crying like a mortified baby begging for a cure for his sickness.

Beck then gave a few steps back and Peter felt like he could breathe again. He exhaled deeply and after a moment of them just looking away from each other and involving in the extremely uncomfortable silence, Peter moved. He barely gathered his things, he didn't care if he was forgetting something, he just wanted to leave. He wiped at his face roughly with his sleeve and saw Beck from the corner of his eye walking towards him again.

"Peter, look—"

Beck tried to grab his wrist in a gentle grip.

"Don't touch me," Peter sniffed.

He gave the man a short look and started walking towards the door with hurried steps, he heard Quentin following his steps close behind and Peter sighed, "Leave me alone, Beck."

"What? Heading over to suck your boyfriend's dick now?"

Peter stopped dead in his tracks. Silence. They both stopped abruptly.

Beck sighed, "Peter, I'm sorr—"

Peter wasn't able to think twice, he turned around quickly and raised an opened hand towards Beck's face, the blue eyes just clenched shut in reflex and Peter's own widened a bit when it happened.

The slap echoed loudly in the room like their yells were a few moments ago. Peter's hand collided with Beck's cheek and jaw in a swift movement, it wasn't too harsh but it left Beck standing there, dumbfounded, with a red cheek and clenched jaw.

They both were left petrified.

Peter hates violence and fights —why did he do that?

He just reached breaking point.

Peter was close to hyperventilating and have another anxiety attack. He didn't know what to do. He wants to leave but he can't move. He wants to hug Beck and kiss his cheek continually to erase the sting. He wants to apologize and he wants Beck to apologize too. He wants to crawl in Beck's arms and he wants Beck to not let him go and tell him that he can't live without him.

It's really pleasant to dream sometimes.



"Peter..." The man started quiet and soft as if he had a lump in his throat.

Peter only had to take one look at the blue eyes shining sad and the careful hand reaching for him before Peter erupted in silent cries and turned around clumsily to finally leave the room.

Beck called for him again and tried to grab him.

But, Peter was already gone.

## Chapter End Notes

Woahhhh hold up don't get mad, I know this chapter was kinda dark and sort of miserable for Peter but don't hate me! Spoiler alert: the ending won't be as miserable at all;) )

Also, I prolonged this up to another chapter yayyyy. I'm having way too much fun writing this and, hey, the response this fic has gotten and the lovely comments and support are heart-warming and I just love you:) it just made me keep writing and writing until I ended up with a super long chapter and had to part it in two.

I really hope you enjoyed this chapter and the little piece of my heart and enormous joy I put into writing it.

Leave your thoughts about the chapter! I'm a hoe for comments :p ♥

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

Peter finally confesses to Beck.

### Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the lovely comments and encouragement from last chapter; that pushed me to keep the inspiration going to finish this story.

You're literally the best:) ♥

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

Also, will this accidentally turn into a fic with more than three chapters? Maybe xD

I just don't seem to ever stop writing and thinking about this fic so yayy I guess?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter has been refusing Quentin's calls and texts.

He didn't even care that he could be fired.

Beck could easily do that.

For fuck sake –Peter *slapped* and yelled at his boss.

Though, he thinks they're way past the boss/employee relationship because they definitely do much more than a relationship of sorts is supposed to do.

And, Peter was expecting human resources' call giving the bad news but it never came.

Quentin kept calling.

Peter kept ignoring till he turned his phone off because he couldn't stand the mere *urge* to just fucking answer Beck, he just wanted to, mostly when he accidentally saw the text messages reading:

*Please answer me.*

*I just wanna talk.*

*We shouldn't have left it like that*

Yeah, of course, they shouldn't.

They are both in the wrong. But Beck crossed a line.

Beck told Peter unspeakable things –things that he should have kept to himself but instead, they broke Peter and made the disappointment in his heart almost unbearable.

Beck was unrecognizable, he was crazed, he wasn't being himself but... Peter perfectly knows he was blinded by rage and frustration. He isn't trying to defend Beck's actions and words, he just saw the mere, fucking regret and despair in the blue eyes when the storm of their fight ended and Peter was leaving.

Never in a million years, Peter would have thought that Beck would have had the heart to talk to him the way he did in his office; just as Peter never thought he would be falling senselessly in love with his boss.

Fuck him sideways. Oh, how he wishes he never would.

Brad didn't know what's going on. Peter wouldn't tell him anything. Peter just laid down with him and cried on his chest, he asked Brad to hug him tightly. He did. Peter cried harder. Brad kept kissing his head and wiping away the hot tears off the reddened cheeks, Peter was merely hiccuping, he tried to calm himself down by gripping the back of his boyfriend's hoodie. Peter mumbled nonsense when Brad began grabbing his face to look at him, Brad managed to look at him. Peter felt worse, his heart broke in pathetic guilt when he caught the worried brown eyes and soft frown on his boyfriend's face.

*His. Boyfriend.*

The one Peter should be thinking about all the time, the one he should be praising and adoring like a fool, the one he should be thinking about the future and just *them*.

But, here Peter is –not being able to erase the essence and shadow of Beck invading his mind like a bug plague, he cannot stop thinking about the wide hands, dark hair, and blue eyes. Not even when his own boyfriend is holding him so sweetly and giving him delicate kisses as if he was a daisy blooming.

Beck can only make him feel like a daisy in the springtime, blooming, and growing to the sky till he is dried out by winter and left alone to forget.

That's Peter.

What kind of fuckery is this?

*"I'm sorry."*

"Please, tell me what's going on," Brad mumbled against his forehead. Desperate, saddened.

"I just had a bad day at work," Peter whispered with evident struggle.

That wasn't a lie. It was far from it being a lie.

"I'm sorry, Brad," He said again, hugging the other even tighter, clinging to him and sobbing against his neck, wetting it and kissing it distractedly, he began mumbling a restless, quiet mantra of *'I'm sorry'*.

"Why are you sorry for, baby?" Brad asked confusedly.

*For not being in love with you.*

*For not loving you like I love him.*

*For not desiring you like I desire him.*

*For not wanting you like I want him.*

*For not trying my best like I do with him.*

"For crying, I guess," Peter said instead, voice wavering.

"Don't be silly," Brad chuckled softly, "Cry all you want. I'm here."

Peter nodded weakly.

"I love you," Brad's confession was barely a whisper.

Peter nodded again, kissing Brad gingerly and turning around. He cannot answer and lie, he can't lie anymore. Brad hugged him from behind, Peter felt warm and he held the hand resting on his belly. He stared blankly into whatever place his eyes settled in, his cheeks are wet and he rubbed them on the pillow to get them dry. Brad hummed to him, relaxing him instantly, he lovingly caressed Peter like when they were in high school and shared their first time together. Peter blinked away tears and breathed out shortly till his cries silently died down.

He could smell and feel Brad but he could only think about Quentin Beck.

-

When Peter decided to answer Quentin, Liz had to call him first.

*"Mr. Beck said that it's really important, I was already asleep, Peter, and I think he sounded drunk. I'm too tired for the drama between you two. Please call him back."*

Liz had said.

So, Peter found himself standing up half-asleep from his bed at 2 a.m, mumbling an apology to his friend and wishing her goodnight. Brad sleepily tried to pull him back under the covers but Peter got away by kissing him softly and hushing at him tenderly.

He grabbed himself a glass of water and sat on one of the benches by his small kitchen table. He opened his texts and found under Beck's contact approximately fifteen messages and thirteen missed calls; Peter sighed and readied himself, he didn't read them, he didn't want to feel worse for ignoring Beck, he didn't want to forget and forgive so easily, because he knows he would, he knows his own big, naive heart and he knows how eloquent it is for him to just not keep ugly resentment.

Peter decided to get straight to the point.

*What do you want?*

He texted and he was just in the middle of taking small gulps of his water before not even a minute passed and his phone was buzzing in his hand. Peter delivered another sigh and let his forehead rest down on his palm as he brought his cellphone to his ear.

"Yes?" His voice came out strained, from sleep maybe, from crying perhaps.

His heart beats fast. It went crazier when he heard the familiar voice. It sounded rough and exhausted.

"*Fuck,*" Beck murmured, breathing out, sounding relieved, "*I've been calling you all day.*"

Peter didn't answer.

"*Are you okay?*"

Peter scoffed, "No. Are you?"

"*Of course not,*" Beck said quietly, he slurred out the words.

A little silence invaded them promptly. Peter just heard Beck's breathing and another sound that Peter couldn't tell what it was.

*"Peter, I-I wanna speak with –can I come to your place?"* Beck said quickly, sighing.

"Are you drunk?" Peter shut his eyes and shook his head, he didn't get an answer so he asked again, "Quentin, are you drunk?"

He never calls him Quentin. It feels foreign rolling off his tongue. But, he is fucking pissed.

*"I just wanna talk with you, baby."*

"Don't call me that," Peter muttered, looking at his bedroom door where his boyfriend is sleeping.

*"Please, I just –"*

"Where are you? Are you driving? You aren't driving, aren't you?" Peter bit his lip nervously and stood up.

*"I'm at my place and yes, I'm having a drink, okay?"*

"Are you alone?" Peter asked silently.

The man sighed, *"Yes, Peter."*

Peter couldn't help feel relieved.

"Don't you dare drive like this, Quentin. And, stop drinking. You have work tomorrow," He tried to keep his voice down but he just has an urge to raise it.

*"Can we please talk?"* He completely ignored what Peter said.

Beck just sounds so inebriated and Peter wants to go there and get drunk with him and make love afterward, or just be there to take care of Beck and stop him from committing stupid shit or drinking too much. Beck can be reckless and Peter can be too, so he better just hold back from grabbing a cab and knocking on Beck's apartment door to kiss him down to the ground and forget everything that happened.

That seems so dreamily nice. It can't happen, it's impossible. Peter will never be okay. Not if Beck isn't around. He guesses, he will need to learn how to do just fine without Beck.

*"Peter, please don't ignore me,"* The man said with frustration, *"Can we talk?"*

Peter sat back down, "Is it work-related?"

Beck sighed, *"No."*

"Then, no. We can't talk," He said shortly, sharply. Because his throat was closing and his eyes were stinging with betraying warm tears.

*"Hey, hey, Peter—"* Beck rapidly said but the other interrupted him.

"I'm tired, Beck. It's almost three in the morning."

*"I'm tired too, believe me, but—"*

"I really don't wanna talk right now," Peter said weakly. It shut Beck up, "Please."

Beck cleared his throat, *"I just wanted to tell you I'm sorry."*

They fell quiet after that, Peter rested his forehead on the kitchen table and shook his head. He gripped his phone tightly.

"Bye, Beck."



-

*"Have I told how pretty you are?"*

*Peter rolled his eyes with a small smile invading his lips, "Yes."*

*"Really?" There was fake surprise in the other's voice. He didn't stop playing with the wet curls in the back of Peter's neck.*

*Peter hummed, hiding the silly grin on his face by turning on his stomach, "You always tell me that after I just finished sucking your dick."*

*"That shit's not true!" Quentin pushed Peter's face against the pillow playfully, drowning the laugh Peter gave instantly, "I always tell you you're fucking pretty... Does the fact of you going down on me influence the thought even more? –maybe."*

*Peter rolled his eyes again and he swiftly got on top of Beck, just to lay down on his body and get the warm of it, Beck pulled the blanket over them. He is smiling at Peter with lazy eyes and lips.*

*"I can still taste your cum," Peter said, giggling and leaning down to kiss the other's mouth with his tongue darting out.*

*"Oh, God," Beck laughed and grimaced miserably, but let Peter keep kissing all over his mouth and face.*

*"I like it when you call me that," He mumbled.*

*"Pretty?" Beck's hands fondled Peter's sides.*

*"Mhm."*

*"Well, I'll tell ya again," He smirked, "You're one pretty motherfucker."*

*Peter snorted, "Wow, romantic."*

*Beck kissed him deeply to show Peter he meant it.*

*"Beck," Peter said in-between hasty kisses.*

*"Mhm."*

*"I like you."*

*Beck chuckled and flipped them over, "Me too."*

-

Peter daydreams the memory while riding the subway.

-

Liz looked at him warily carefully when Peter arrived at their work floor, she was already standing up and grabbing her purse, probably to go get Beck's breakfast and morning coffee from the little, independent coffee shop he likes and always takes Peter too.

It's around that time in the morning. Still, Peter looked at his watch and confirmed that it was a little past eight. He didn't really find the preoccupation to be exactly on time this morning, he didn't even want to present himself.

Liz smiled slightly and walked up to him, "Hey."

"Hey," He said in the same quiet tone, stopping by his desk.

"Are you okay?" She looked concerned.

"Yeah," Peter nodded, looking away briefly, "I'm good, I'm fine."

Liz nodded too, "Good."

Peter knows she isn't buying shit, but he is grateful she didn't question any further, she just rubbed his arm softly and squeeze it.

"I'm off to get the boss something to eat."

"Okay."

She was about to turn around but stop herself with a sigh and a short look to Peter, "He arrived earlier than usual again and he got on my nerves when he was exiting his office to ask for you every five minutes... He doesn't look well."

Peter just stared at her.

"Check your first drawer," His friend said quickly and turn around the same to walk away.

The boy frowned, still staring at her figure leaving, before looking at his boss's shut door office and then finally looking at his two drawers. He dropped his backpack and sat down slowly, he looked around cautiously, afraid of any preying eyes but soon reached out to open the first drawer like Liz mentioned.

Peter peaked in and he huffed silently when he saw the few contents inside the wooden drawer.

*Of course.*

Beck was definitely here at his desk and he really doubts that Liz was the one putting the stuff in

there –it was too personal. *This* was too personal. It's something only Peter and Beck share and know about.

Peter grabbed the box of macaroons and the man's bracelet on top of its box, Peter merely widened his eyes when he saw from what brand it was. Peter grabbed it in his fingers and saw the little bright charm taking shape of the letter P, swinging and hanging elegantly. Peter gulped and carefully lowered the bracelet to his lap playing and staring at it.

It was *gorgeous*.

Manly, soft and beautiful at the same time. It was Peter's style, simple and discreet.

Peter loved it. And he hated it all the same –Because Beck perfectly knows him and what he likes and he is always giving Peter these little expensive, amazing gifts when he fucks up or feels bad about something.

And Peter always falls for it and let it go.

And, *oh*, how he wanted to just do that right now. It would be so much easier to give in, it would be easier than to try and stay angry, to draw himself away from Beck.

How Peter wanted to put on the bracelet on his wrist and let Beck hold it above his head as he makes love to him, how Peter wanted to just forget and eat the macaroons off Beck's body and kiss him sweetly after.

But...

*No*.

This gets harder every passing day.

Still, Peter isn't relenting. He won't succumb. Not this time.

After rubbing his face and hanging his head low while delivering deep breaths to calm himself down, he put the bracelet in its box and stood up abruptly, dropping his favorite dessert on the desk and walking decidedly towards Beck's office but not before turning around clumsily and grabbing his iPad, a few paper sheets he needed to deliver and something from his second drawer where he keeps essentials, he pocketed the small thing and headed away.

He forced himself to not fume angrily because –does that gorgeous, ridiculously tall, ripped, handsome, big dicked *asshole* thinks he's gonna fix everything with a gold bracelet and a fucking French dessert?

Absolutely not.

Peter isn't that type of guy.

At least not right now.

He'd accept that in the past but he's changed.

Two short knocks were delivered carefully by his hand and –*fuck* his stomach, man. It flipped with nervous excitement at just hearing Quentin Beck's voice giving permission to enter.

Peter did enter and shut the door behind himself quietly, being mindful to balance the box and iPad on one arm.

And–

Beck was there.

Elegant as ever, standing by his desk, moving things around as if he was organizing his stuff; he stopped, though, as soon as he saw it was Peter standing in his office.

"*Peter.*"

He blinked slowly and inspected Peter, not in the cocky, playful way he always does, no, Quentin looked worried, he looked upset. His hair was neatly done, his tie was loose enough to still look decent, his suit is a perfect fit and the black blazer just looks so good with the black turtle neck Beck's porting.

Liz is right. Beck doesn't look well. He looks exhausted and hangover, he has dark circles under his eyes and Peter knows he didn't get a shut-eye during the whole night. Beck sometimes does that and whenever he can't sleep he always calls Peter because he says his voice soothes him, that his talk relaxes him.

But this time, Peter wasn't there to answer his calls after they finished that short conversation in the a.m.

Even if Beck is wearing expensive clothing, a well-done haircut, a clean five o'clock shadow, and a nice pair of shoes –Peter can see through him. He always does. Just like Beck can see through him too.

Beck is affected, just like Peter. Affected by their fight, disagreements, and ugly words thrown around. Beck is affected, he is sad, he is upset.

And Peter couldn't help but feel glad about it.

The man sighed and watched Peter walked over. Peter tried to keep looking at the intense way the blue eyes were staring at him but he couldn't. He looked at his shoes as he took slow steps.

"Good morning," He cleared his throat, coming to a stop in front of the large desk.

"Morning," Beck mumbled.

Before an uncomfortable silence could invade them, Peter raised his head and straightened his back bravely to turn on his iPad and drop the papers on his boss' desk.

"You don't have new messages or phone calls yet—"

"I don't care about that," Beck sighed tiredly.

Peter ignored him, "But, I already forwarded you important emails that arrived this morning."

"Peter, I don't have the energy for that right now."

"You should really take a look at them," He ignored him once again, "Singapore is reaching out for you again, apparently other issues came up. I'm really sorry for that, Mr. Be—"

"Drop that, Peter," Beck shut his eyes for a second and shook his head, "Please, do not pretend nothing happened. I wanna talk."

Peter gritted his teeth and looked down, he shook his head when Beck rounded the desk to get closer to him. Peter watched him from the corner of his eye, he was busy staring at the grey sky through the enormous window.

"Hey," Quentin said quietly and brushed his hands on Peter's arm.

Peter shrugged it off, he frowned at Quentin. Hurt flashed across the blue eyes quickly but he respected Peter's demand, he only dropped his hands to the side and stood close to Peter.

"I'm sorry I called you... in that *state* last night," The man looked down, "I'm deeply embarrassed."

Peter shrugged, "It's okay."

"I just don't know what to do."

He looked at Beck slowly, his frown relaxing.

"I've never felt... *this*. And, I don't know what to think," Beck sounded frustrated.

"Felt what?" Peter's head perked up.

"Never mind," The other shook his head, "I just wanna talk, Pete."

Peter looked at him and scoffed lightly, "I think you said everything you wanted to say yesterday – When you insulted me and when you seem to enjoy making me feel like utter *fucking* shit."

"I never enjoyed that," Beck's voice was so low that Peter barely heard it, "And you know that."

"It seemed like it, Quentin."

Beck rubbed his face harshly and raised a hand, "Look, I know I fucked up big time," He slumped his shoulders, "And, I'm so sorry, Peter, okay?"

He didn't answer.

"I'm sorry," The other said again, more quietly, "I don't know what else to say."

*Of course, you don't.* He thought.

And Peter wished Beck wouldn't have apologized at all because it was already making him not relent a little, it was making him feel compassion and just bad about perhaps being too harsh on Beck. It was harder to stay angry at him when the blue eyes seemed so tired and desperate for the brown eyes to look at them, it was so damn harder staying mad at his boss when he was genuinely upset and sorry for what he did and said to Peter.

It was as if the whole universe kept tasting Peter with how much he can keep falling in love every day.

His boss grazed his cheek with his hand as if to grab back Peter's attention. Or he just wanted to touch Peter.

Peter softly pushed Beck's hand away, he spoke the same way.



"You hurt me, Beck."

The man only looked down.

"And you won't buy me with a Cartier bracelet or some french dessert."

Peter dropped the box on the desk. Quentin looked at it confusedly then at him.

"What the fuck? I'm not trying to buy you, Peter –"

"I've got work to do do," Peter hastily cut him off, "Maybe we'll talk some other time. But, right now, I can't, Beck... sorry."

Beck looked like he wanted to say something but he ended crossing his arms in surrender and nodded.

"Oh," Peter mumbled before he could walk towards the door and pulled out something from his pocket, "Here, I figured, you're head would be hurting."

He placed an aspirin in Beck's opened palm and gave him a small, shut lip smile, "Try drinking green tea, it'll help too."

"Thank you, Peter," Beck grabbed his hand and squeezed it.

"I gotta go."

And, Peter did.

*The Christmas lights would blink on and off, illuminating the small break room and their tilting faces, it was cold and it was snowing outside too, the proximity of their bodies brought them enough warmth.*

*This is like the fifth time ever they sneak out to make out in a discreet place around the building that isn't Beck's car in the parking lot.*

*"Hi," Beck breathed against him, tongue darting out to lick warm his own lips before going back to kiss Peter passionately.*

*"Hi," Peter smiled into him, melting when Beck's hands held each side of his neck and his thumb caressed the soft skin there.*

*"Couldn't resist this, sorry," He mumbled, pushing Peter against the glass door even more.*

*"We should probably get back to the party, even if the Christmas music is driving me crazy," Peter reasoned but he didn't make a move to separate, instead he pulled at the collar of Quentin's dress shirt, bringing him down to his level to start nibbling and pecking sloppily at his sharp jaw.*

*Quentin shrugged, "Company's parties always suck."*

*"I think people will start looking for you here soon, you're supposed to be greeting the guests, oh my God," He giggled.*

*"Probably," The man snickered and rounded Peter's hips easily with his arms, almost carrying him in the air, Peter had to stand on his tiptoes.*

*"I rather be here with you, though."*

*"You're a player, Mr. Beck," Peter whispered playfully.*

*"Wanna get out of here, Mr. Parker?"*

*"Mhm," He licked Beck's parted lips slowly.*

*Beck did the same to him before pulling away to stare at him with a sly grin; he ran his palm on Peter's cheek and he gave the thin lips the slowest and longest peck before going back to stare at Peter with dreamy eyes.*

*"What?" Peter blushed.*

*"Nothing, I just can't get enough of ya."*

*Soon, Beck was leaving the party early than expected just because he wanted to be with Peter.*

-

Peter remembered that before falling asleep next to Brad.

-

Peter arrived on time this day, he was trying to get his shit together so he figured leaving early for work was a good start.

Beck did arrive a little late, which was odd considering he's been getting to work early than what he used too. Now, Beck is already in his office by the time Liz and Peter arrive. Peter knows that's happening since issues started appearing between them.

But, this morning, Beck looked tired, he was grumpy and barely mumbled a good morning to them, though he gave Peter a tight, small smile; Peter reciprocated awkwardly.

It's been almost a week - if not more than a week already, Peter had lost count- and Beck and Peter haven't properly talk. They just exchange sentences regarding work.

There are so many things left to say, so many words to be spoken and many more apologizes to be made. It's like a little bug inside Peter's brain isn't letting him rest since he and Beck fought. Yes,

Peter hasn't been too cooperative with the communication and he is avoiding Beck, he's just afraid he'll fall down the rabbit hole of *fooling around*, how Beck likes to call their 'thing' but the main reason they haven't had the opportunity to have a sit-down talk is that things have been really hasty and busy at the company with the new investor Beck obtained.

So, Beck has kept himself extremely occupied lately, it all seemed like a big, ridiculous paradox where their relationship *wasn't* just meant to be and succeed.

Peter didn't know if he should be glad or not.

Fuck it, he just misses Beck so much.

He misses their lunches together, their dates, the movie nights, the walks into Coney Island, the sneaking out to Beck's car because they just couldn't keep away from each other, he just misses their long conversation talking about every irrational and logical subject they could come up with, he misses falling asleep together, he misses fucking passionately and kissing each other till they ran out of air –he just misses Beck and what makes him Beck.

Now, Peter is only left with the thought of Beck.

Because, he is just realizing now and coming to the unfortunate conclusion that no one and he means *no one*, will ever substitute Beck, no one will be Beck or get close to how fucking intense Peter's emotions are around him.

And, Peter guesses, he will have to deal with that till this hurtful, passionate feeling inside him dies down a little.

*Quentin Beck.*

His answer and perdition all the same.

"Hellooo, earth to Peter?"

Peter got pulled away from deep thought when a hand shook his shoulder exaggeratedly, almost

making him spill his morning coffee over some important documents laying on his desk.

"Ow, calm down, crazy," Peter chuckled, gently slapping her hand away.

"Ready for the meeting?"

"Yep."

"A lot of older, sexy men are coming today," She smirked playfully, "Maybe it's our opportunity to get ourselves a sugar daddy."

"Ew," He laughed and begun standing up, grabbing his iPad, "I bet they need to take Viagra."

His friend bumped his arm with her elbow and whispered, "Does Mr. Beck takes that?"

"What? *No*," Peter looked horrified, "He's thirty-six, not fifty."

"Close enough."

"Oh, God."

They started walking towards the meetings room where people were arriving and Beck was already there expecting them. He seemed nervous and fidgety, he keeps his cool most of the time but when he isn't able to, Peter would usually do something to calm him down and relax him –but he couldn't do anything right now and it did pain him a little.

Because he knows Beck needs him sometimes too.

Which–

"You're not hooking up with him anymore, right?" Liz asked quietly.

Peter thinks that Liz sometimes can read his mind.

"What?"

"It's pretty obvious, you know?" She said, "You don't spend hours at his office, you're always at your desk and you two have been really moody lately."

Peter only rolled his eyes and looked down.

"Hey, Pete," She smiled kindly at him, "I think that's for the best. MJ and I had talked about it and we both agree that this is the best option. You deserve good, pumpkin."

"Ugh, introducing you both has been the worst decision ever," Peter sighed dramatically.

"We're your gals and you're our gay best friend. We support each other and tell the truth," She shrugged, "That's what friends do. We want the best for each other."

Peter smiled at her, "I know. You know I appreciate it."

She bumped her shoulder with his, "Now, let's go in and bare the upcoming boring business talk with middle-aged men in the room."

Peter giggled and shook his head.

Liz entered first and Peter was busy typing away on the iPad that he didn't see the person standing by the doorway of the conference room. Peter bumped into them slightly and stumbled back, a pair of hands caught his forearms even if Peter was far from falling but his iPad did fell down to the floor.

He recognized that cologne.

"Are you okay?" Beck asked, letting go of him to bend over and grab the electronic device.

"Yeah, yeah, sorry I wasn't paying attention," Peter took his iPad from the other's hands, "Thank you."

Peter stared up at him.

"Hi," Beck's lips shifted into an awkward smile.

"Hi," Peter smiled the same way.

Someone call for Beck's name and he looked around quickly. Peter kept staring at him, at his jaw, growing beard, the expression lines, and the few moles; he couldn't help it. It's been long enough since they've been this close, Peter wanted to look.

So, did Beck.

Peter had to look down when the blue eyes run over him, it was almost as if they didn't know what to say, right there in the conference room where people were waiting for the reunion to start, but here Beck was looking at Peter, seeming like he was figuring out to say something.

His name was called again and he sighed.

"Sometimes I hate being the boss," He mumbled, making a funny face to Peter.

Peter raised his hand to his mouth to prevent a smile from cracking, "Good luck, Mr. Beck."

Beck smiled slightly and bumped his fist on Peter's arm gently.

Liz caught him staring at Beck leaving to grab a sit and Peter looked down quickly.

-

"Their chemistry is inevitable."

Liz had said to MJ.

-

Peter cut his hair, it wasn't a big change but it definitely was shorter than it was before, the small curls on the base of his neck were gone, just like the curls on his forehead, it looked clean and nice but he felt so weird with it; Peter hasn't had really short hair since he started working here and met Beck, and that's been almost a year.

And he was convincing himself that the only reason he cut his hair was to bring a cycle to an end but, *ha* –Peter annoyingly knew that he only did it because he grew it a little long in the past months because Beck liked it because he liked to touch it, to pull at it, to play with it as Peter talked.

He knows how much Beck loves his hair.

So Peter cut it.

Because he is feeling like a little shit lately and he secretly *-desperately-* wanted to see a reaction out of Beck.

He kind of wants to get back at Beck.

*"To make him realize what he's losing,"* Michelle had said to him on their drunken night.

Peter really needs to stop listening to her.

But, she seems to be right must of the time.



Because when Peter entered the office, Beck had to take a double look at Peter's way.

Peter acted casual.

He was murmuring into the phone at the same time he watched Peter stand in front of the desk. He looked around, holding his iPad to his chest but when he accidentally caught the blue eyes staring, Beck smiled slightly and looked away. He looked almost embarrassed about being caught, which was peculiar because Beck is quite irreverent most of the time, but not today apparently.

"Of course, yeah. I'll make sure my secretary notify you beforehand," Beck stood up and began walking around his desk.

He closely passed by behind him and Peter just side-eyed him.

"I'm glad I could be helpful, Clark, but next time call my assistant first, okay?" Beck said, "Okay, bye, bye."

The man hung up with a sigh and put his phone on the desk before leaning on the edge of it just in front of where Peter was standing by.

They stared at each other, it wasn't awkward, a short moment of silence joined them and Peter's face was betraying him carelessly with a shy smile just because he was looking at the ocean blue eyes. He spoke before it could get more intimate and weird.

"Hi."

"Hey," Beck nodded at him.

"I found the letters you wanted," He wiggled his iPad to signal that, "Should I print them?"

Beck hummed distractedly and pointed at Peter, "New look, huh?"

"Yep."

"You look good," The man grinned easily, "I like it."

Damn the tingles in Peter's stomach.

"Thank you," He said casually.

"I dig it, really..." Quentin pretended to be in deep thought, "You look older."

"How much older?" Peter narrowed his eyes playfully.

"Let's say you looked like a teenager before and now you look about... Twenty," He shrugged, "You still look young for a twenty-four-year-old."

Peter rolled his eyes, "I'll be twenty-five soon."

"Not yet, though," Quentin teased him, "You're still a baby."

A smile crept into his face and Peter allowed it. He almost forgot he was supposed to be angry at Beck.

Fuck that –it was impossible to stay angry at Quentin Beck.

Peter now is realizing that with every passing day, with every little smile from Quentin and every silly conversation they exchange, the anger in his veins is subsiding greatly, if not disappearing all the same.

Peter's left having to pretend his indifference but it's becoming harder, and that soft, passionate, molecular endearment for Quentin isn't dissolving in his system.

He can only hope that bright, soul-eating spark can die down over time.

"I'll go print the letters then," Peter sighed, starting to turn around.

Beck's voice and a hand on his arm stopped him.

"Wait, Peter."

"Yeah?"

"Hey, uh, I don't know if you heard but I'm letting everyone off early because tomorrow's thanksgiving," He explained, "So, they can be with their families since today and all that."

Peter hummed, "Liz told me."

"Right."

Peter hummed again, a little confused.

"So... with who are you spending the day tomorrow?" Quentin pocketed his hands in his trousers.

"With Brad and May probably," Peter looked down briefly.

"Good," He raised his eyebrows and nodded, "That seems nice."

"Yeah..." Peter trailed off awkwardly, "And, you? With who will you spend it?"

As soon as those words left his mouth, Peter felt stupidly awful. He knows Beck doesn't have a family present in his life, he's never spoken too much about it but Peter knows he grew up looking after himself. Beck doesn't have that many friends either, he's been more than once taken advantage of and talked to with hypocrisy because of his money. He once confessed to Peter on a

drunken conversation that Peter was one of the few people he considered a close friend. Beck's mostly a lonely person and he doesn't like festivities that much –and Peter felt *so* silly for asking that. He would apologize but Beck didn't seem bothered, he just shrugged.

"Probably alone, I got a shit-ton of work to do anyway," Beck sighed, feigning arrogance, "It's just some big boss things you'd never understand, Parker."

"Ugh, shut up, man," He snickered, "You wouldn't survive a day without me or Liz."

"Okay, I can't say you're wrong about that," The man raised a hand, "Though, I think I could survive a little without Ms. Allan's assistance... But when it comes to you–"

"Stop," Peter looked down at his iPad, just so he could hide de wide grin wanting to invade his face, "I need to print these for you, so I better go."

Beck sighed, "Okay, thank you, Mr. Parker."

"You're welcome, Mr. Beck."

Beck smiled warmly, "Hey, Peter,"

Peter turned back around and stared at him expectantly.

"I was wondering if you'd like me to drive you to your place today. I'm free."

Peter's heartbeat faltered, "Ah, I just, you know– Brad's picking me up later," That's a lie. Brad doesn't even own a car and he would never mind enough to pick Peter up if he even had one, still, it pained him to refuse the kind offer, Beck just looked hopeful, *No*. "But, thanks anyway, Beck."

"Oh."

Beck's expression fell, it was almost unnoticeable but Peter did see it. He nodded and took a step back, he smiled tightly and shrugged.

"Of course, yeah, I figured, I just was... If you need anything just tell me, okay?"

"Thank you, Beck," He said again, more quietly.

The man only patted Peter's shoulder and turned around. That was Peter's cue to leave. He stared at the other's back as he closed the door.

Peter was left feeling uneasy and guilty for some reason.

-

The door's shut, Beck felt like he was missing some air, he unfastened his tie a bit.

He leaned his fist on his desk and breathed in deeply, the bright sky contrasted his sudden sour mood.

His eyes caught sight of the box with the bracelet Peter gave back a week ago, it was secured in his opened drawer. Beck closed his eyes and shook his head.

Before angrily tipping over some of the stuff on his desk and sitting down heavily. He rubbed his face effortlessly and swore under his breath.

He grabbed the bracelet in his hands and held it there tightly.

Peter wouldn't leave his mind.

-

*"Sometimes I aim for more but then I give up."*

*Beck mumbled into Peter's hair. Beck's arm is draped over Peter's shoulders, holding him close. Peter rested his head on his shoulder and sighed.*

*"What you mean?"*

*"Yeah. Like I want more," Beck took a long swing of his beer, "Settle down, you know?"*

*He is drunker than Peter.*

*Peter's just listening, looking up at him, and running his finger around the other's cheek distractedly.*

*"I want more out of this...Thing going on. I don't know," Beck shrugged and drank a little more.*

*"What's stopping you?" He said in the same quiet tone.*

*Beck chuckled, "Commitment, that shit scares me, man."*

*Peter nodded. He knows that.*

*"Sometimes I want something serious," Beck sighed.*

*Sometimes.*

-

Peter cried himself to sleep, remembering that night.

-

The dinner for Thanks Giving finished early.

Much to Peter's convenience. He just wanted to have more blueberry pie and then go to sleep.

May left early because she has to work the morning shift at the hospital and she didn't want to be tired and Brad is showering because he is leaving to spend the rest of the night and morning with his family. He insisted Peter should come with him but Peter declined several times. They even got into a small argument but Peter doesn't have the energy to worry about that, or see Brad's family and force himself to smile and talk.

He rather be alone watching a movie, stuffing himself with leftovers and probably masturbating to pass the time.

Then there were two short knocks on the door and Peter frowned confusedly with a spoonful of mashed potatoes in his mouth, he pushed himself off the counter and walked towards the door. Brad didn't hear it because he wasn't asking who was at the door, the music in the apartment was a little loud.

Peter opened the door swiftly and almost tipped over and at the same time fall back when he saw who it was standing outside his door.

Because honestly –What the fuck?

Beck stood outside with his hands inside the pockets of his jacket, looking at Peter with an expression he couldn't really read.

"Hey."

"What are you doing here?" Peter whisper-yelled, twisting his head around to look with caution at the bathroom door where his boyfriend was.

"Sorry to show up unexpected but I really need to talk to you," Beck stated confidently.

"How did you even get in?"

"I remembered the code at the entry."

"It's literally almost one in the morning," Peter sighed.

"I know, I just —" He shook his head and shrugged in defeat at not knowing what to say, "We need to talk."

Peter stared at him with a small frown and crossed arms.

"Please?"

Quentin looked exhausted and stressed. Peter took pity on him, it didn't take him much, honestly.

"Fine," He breathed out in surrender and turn around to yell, "Brad, I'm going for a walk!"

"Now?" His boyfriend yelled back.

"Yeah, I-I ate too much," A little nervousness sneaked behind Peter's words, thankfully Brad didn't notice.

"Okay!"

Peter put on his shoes and jacket hanging by the doorway and pushed past Quentin to shut the door. Thankfully Peter's apartment is on the first floor, so they wouldn't have to put up to an awkward elevator ride, they just needed to go down a few stairs and they would be outside into the cold air of New York's November.

Peter was thankful they didn't need to take the elevator, it was too small and he doesn't think he'll be able to handle the tension between them in a secured space.

"Thanks," Beck said as they slowly walked outside, "For coming out."



Peter just nodded. Quentin held the door open for him. Quentin always does that.

"So... You two live together now?"

"Beck—" Peter looked at him, already ready to argue.

"It's a genuine question," Beck shrugged.

He sighed and shook his head, "No, he just stays over a lot."

The man nodded slowly before pointing at his car parking in front of the building, "Wanna get inside? It's kinda cold."

"I'm good like this," Peter crossed his arms to maintain his hands warm. He watched Beck leaning against his car and crossing his arms too, Peter got closer, standing in front of him.

"How was your thanksgiving?" Beck gave him a small smile.

"It was okay," He did that too, "Yours?"

"I can't stop thinking about you, Peter," Beck said that instead of answering.

Peter shifted and looked away, "You came here to tell me that?"

"Yes," The other said, "And to know what the fuck is going –with *us*."

He shook his head, about to interrupt but Quentin beat him to it.

"So, please tell me, Peter. We haven't talk properly since we yelled at each other and the shit out of

me was slapped."

"I'm sorry for hitting you, okay? I shouldn't have done that," He said quietly, looking at him, "I still feel bad."

"It was well deserved, I guess," Quentin looked down and sighed, "...Please tell me what the hell is happening, Peter."

"I don't know what you want me to tell you."

Quentin didn't speak, he just looked away. He breathed out, it turned into fog because of the cold weather that seems to be getting colder. Maybe Peter should have accepted getting into his car, even if he would be vulnerable and weak to fight off Beck. Peter uncrossed his arms and looked down too. Quentin watched him before carefully stretching his arm until his hand was touching Peter's when he saw that he wasn't pushed away, he grabbed it and pulled Peter closer.

Peter didn't stop him. He didn't find the strength for that. He looked at the blue eyes. His favorite pair of orbs.

It was a friendly touch, it was comforting, it was soft, it was warm, it was airy. Peter missed it.

And almost as if Beck read his thoughts—

"I miss you."

"You hurt me."

"*I know*," Beck grabbed Peter's hand with both of his, pulling it towards him, "And, you have no idea how bad I feel for saying those things to you," He looked down, "I wasn't thinking when I said that."

Peter didn't answer, he just kept looking at him.

"I didn't mean anything," He said lowly.

Peter still wasn't talking.

"I'm being serious, I didn't mean it," Beck said, squeezing his hand, "I hated myself for it. I'm really sorry, okay?"

Peter looked down and squeezed his hand back, he nodded slowly.

"I just..." Beck started, quietly, "I can't stop thinking about it."

Peter shrugged and gave him a small, weak smile, "It's okay. It's in the past now."

They looked at each other. Thinking. Contemplating. Processing. Missing. Hurting. Solving. Wanting. Just staring at each other with deep confusion.

Peter wasn't expecting it. He didn't have time to pull away –or maybe he did was expecting it and he didn't pull away just because he didn't *want to*.

But Quentin pulled him in and kissed him with such desperation and despair that left Peter gasping silently. It was almost a choked sob or whimper, or just a cry for help.

Because, fuck –Peter could finally breathe again when their lips met.

Beck's hands held both sides of his face and Peter held his arms, gripping them strongly.

Their lips didn't move much, they weren't careless or dirty. They just savor it, tasting the bitter-sweet symphony and the echo of heaven and hell.

It tasted so good. Like a sunflower field. It felt so good, like hot rocks on your back. It felt liberating, like the fourth of July. It felt nostalgic, like summer rain in Coney Island.

Peter felt close to breaking down and giving up.

*Or.*

Maybe he broke down and gave up a long time ago.

He wouldn't know

Peter turned his face, making Beck's lips land on his cheek, Beck began kissing down there but Peter shook his head. He grabbed Beck's face in a soft hold and made him look at him. Beck tried to kiss him again but Peter turned his head once more.

*"I can't."*

"What?"

"I can't do this, Beck. Not anymore."

"Why not?" Beck whispered, holding Peter and bringing him to him.

"Because we don't belong."

Beck stared at him worriedly and wiped away the lonely tear that ran down Peter's cheek. Peter rubbed at his face roughly and his eyes started stinging. He held Beck's chest and breathed out.

"Because you want something else. Because I'm tired and I don't wanna be tired. Because you don't want me like I want you. Because you don't want something serious and I kinda do. Because you don't care and I do. Because you are rich and I'm not. Because you're my boss and I'm just your secretary. Because I'm just a fuck to you and you're not to me."

Peter sobbed.

*"Because you said no feelings but I do have them."*

Silence.

That's all Peter could hear after he shut his mouth. His heart beats fast, almost attempting to get out of his throat and die on the spot.

Beck never once stopped staring at him. He's giving Peter these preoccupied, soft eyes, Peter doesn't know why. He feels like throwing up the blueberry pie. It's incredibly cold, Peter just wants to leave.

Peter wiped his runny nose and cough slightly.

Beck grabbed the back of Peter's head and pulled him closer, he kissed Peter's forehead longingly and meaningfully. Peter sniffed and gripped the front of his jacket. Beck hugged him tightly and swing him from side to side lightly.

Peter was just waiting to hear the man's never-ending litany about *no feeling* and *fooling around*.

Peter was waiting for Beck to freak out like he always does when Peter brings up feelings.

Peter was waiting to be pushed away and forgotten.

Peter was waiting for Beck to say good-bye and never talk to him again.

Because Peter just blurted out and said what has been accumulating in his chest since he met Beck.

*Tic tac...*

It never came.

The storm never came.

Just Beck's voice was there.

"You have no idea how much you mean to me, Peter."

Peter started pulling away.

"...You have no idea how I feel."

Peter pushed himself off and turned back around to head inside his building without a single word. He just couldn't find his voice. His throat is closing up and his vision is blurry with persistent tears.

Beck didn't try to stop him or chase after him.

Peter didn't look back.

-

*"Will you ever take me to Italy?"*

*"Do you wanna go to Italy?" Beck asked, hugging Peter from behind and kissing the back of his head.*

*"Yeah," Peter nodded excitedly, looking at Quentin's phone and the pictures he took of his business trip to Europe.*

*"Then I'll take to Italy," Beck murmured, voice muffled by Peter's shoulder.*

*"Promise?" Peter look back with a grin.*

*Beck raised his pinky finger and began biting all over Peter's neck and face playfully until he was laughing and trying to get away.*

-

Beck sat inside his car.

With his hands on the steering wheel but he was going nowhere. The car was turned off. He still was parked outside Peter's apartment. He kept looking outside the window as if Peter would show up again and knock on his window with that big, cheerful smile of his, he kept waiting as if Peter would open the car door and get in to breathlessly kiss Quentin and tell him that –

*Everything. Will. Be. Alright.*

Because lately, it hasn't felt like it.

Peter just walked away, after pouring his heart out. Beck just stood there, stammering out a few pathetic words that he thought would be comforting. Beck didn't know what to do.

He still doesn't.

He just stood there, watching Peter walk away, wrecked and disappointed.

Beck let Peter go.

He's been letting Peter go since a long time ago.

Beck just –doesn't know *what* to do.

He took a deep breath and rested his forehead on the steering wheel, he banged his head there calmly, trying to stop breathing so hard and fast, his breath was almost out of control, he clenched

his eyes shut, fisted his hands and gritted his teeth.

Then he had enough.

"Fuck!" Beck yelled and punched the console.

"Fuck!" He yelled louder and punched it again.

"Fuck!" He yelled even louder and punched the steering wheel.

Beck did it over and over.

"Fuck!"

"Fuck!"

"Fuck!"

Quentin reached inside his jacket quickly to pull a crumbled piece of paper, he opened and read the few words there. The ones he wrote earlier and wanted to read to Peter, the ones he wrote *for* Peter because Quentin couldn't get his mind organized and he needed to write his feelings and thoughts. That's why he arrived at Peter's place unexpectedly, to tell him what he wrote.

But he couldn't bring himself to pull out that important piece of paper when Peter was in front of him.

He's a coward.

He crumbled the paper into a ball and angrily threw it to his side.

"Ah!" He screamed into the darkness and silence till his throat hurt and eyes burned.



Then he stopped abruptly.

Falling back bonelessly and hanging his head low. He wanted to turn the car on and drive away but a quiet sob left his mouth instead. He brought a shaky hand to his face. That did nothing to stop his desperate breaths and silent cries. That did nothing to stop him from thinking about Peter and that did nothing to dissolve that intense feeling in his chest.

Beck's just scared.

## Chapter End Notes

Yo... I think Quentin is a softboi just that he won't admit it and... Yeah this chap was a lil dark but... The storm can't last forever, k?

Hey, I'd love to hear what you think! ♥

Also, I think this chapter has been the longest one so far yikes, I hope it's not tiring to read :)

Xo.

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

Beck. It's always been Beck, not Brad or the guy he dated in college, or the guy he hooked up with last summer. Just Beck.

### Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the long, LONG time it took me to update. I was just on a little bit of a dry spell but I think I'm back to writing regularly whoop whoop :D

This was supposed to be the last chapter but the damn story keeps on enlogating itself, I'm not in control of it at this point lol but i truly enjoy writing this for you guys

Thank u so much for al the support and nice words you've left along the way ♥

Hope u enjoy:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter is now forced to go to work and face reality –reality *equals* Beck.

The second hand embarrassment from his stupid, chaotic confession is threatening to kill him.

He wanted so bad to just call in sick on Monday, maybe Tuesday too. He is even thinking about quitting on the spot but that's just an quixotic and silly thought to feed his worried mind. He needs the money, he needs to pay the bills because Brad doesn't want to fully commit and he isn't willing to move in together and split expenses just yet. They had a talk - slash- fight the other day about that.

And it's not that Peter is that affected. In fact, he honestly couldn't care less. He isn't planning on fully committing and moving in together with Brad. With anyone. He honestly just gave their relationship a shot because of peer pressure; sort of. MJ and Liz convinced him, saying it would help him forget Beck and move on from their thing in a healthy way, that he won't feel alone and pathetic –yet he feels both– and Peter listened to them because Brad is kind of helpful and sweet most of the time, they have fun together and at least both are around the same age, the sex is mostly good, sometimes is just bad, and Peter has someone to talk to even if Brad doesn't gets him sometimes.

Not like Beck—

*Stop.*

But Peter's come to a realisation, which is: he would probably be okay without Brad, because getting back together isn't doing fucking shit to move on from Beck.

He doesn't love Brad, as much as he tries to convince himself he does.

Perhaps he should stop taking their friends advice.

Because, fuck that. Nothing can help him get his mind and soul of Quentin Beck, maybe it will if a meteorite hits planet earth.

God, Peter rather die like that than keep pretending he is happy and just fine.

Because, he is not.

And he is done pretending.

-

Monday started off by Peter sleeping on his alarm, he hit snooze once and he didn't heard it a second time. What woke him up was the singing of the early birdies and the traffic down his street, he had three missed calls from Liz on one from Beck. Peter was mortified as he got dressed and left Liz a voicemail when she didn't answer back.

He had forgotten that today a meeting would take a place and Beck asked Peter and Liz to be there with anticipation as always.

But Peter arrived to the building half an hour later.

His clothes are a bit damp from where he waited for a cab outside his apartment just when it was starting to rain. He had to hastily and messily fix his wet hair and slap slightly his puffy face to wake himself up in the elevator's mirror as he rode it to the last floor.

And when he got to the conference room with his iPad already in hand, the clients and guests were already exiting the room. He swore under his breath and stood outside to wait; he hadn't seen Beck yet, he got on his tip toes and stretched his neck trying to get a better look.

Promptly Liz appeared at his side, making Peter jump lightly.

"Where were you?" She whispered to him while smiling politely and waving at the guests passing bye.

Peter did the same thing, a bit more forcefully.

"Huh?"

He sighed guiltily, "I tried calling you back earlier. I slept on my alarm, it was an accident."

She nodded, "It's okay. Are *you* okay?"

Peter shrugged and nodded.

"Well, you don't look okay," Liz said pointedly, eyeing his face, she tilted her head and frowned, "Have you been crying?"

"What? *No*," Peter frowned too.

His friend scoffed, "Your face is all puffy. I know what you look like after a sobbing session."

"Shut up," He said without hatred, looking down.

She smiled sadly at him, "Guy problems?"

Peter took a deep breath and rolled his eyes effortlessly, "Yeah, if you will."

"Who was –Good bye, Mr. Osborne!" Liz said a little too loudly, waving before she dropped her smile when the man turned away, "God, I can't stand that, man – so Brad or Beck?"

"What?"

"Guy problems, Brad or Beck?"

"Both," He sighed.

It was as if they had summon Beck just by a mention of him because he was suddenly exciting the conference room, accompanying the last client to the door, he was speaking with him lowly, hands inside his pockets and back hunched; Beck looks tired, he looks worn out, as if he had been working too much. Drinking too much and not taking a break at all.

Peter held his breath unconsciously, crossing his arms and holding the iPad to his chest, he tried to straighten his back and lighten up his face expression but he couldn't.

He just doesn't possesses the energy any more.

Then, Beck looked at Peter's way, he eyed him shortly and turned away just like that, continuing to speak with the man.

"He was a mess this morning," Liz whispered, leaning towards him to speak, "Good lord you weren't here, it was almost painful to watch."

Peter stared at Beck's back and then at Liz, "Why?"

"First, he arrived a little *befuddled* this morning, he actually tripped with that flower pot over there, it was kinda funny, though. He apologised to the plant," Liz shrugged, "Secondly, in the

meeting, he couldn't finish an explanation without forgetting what he was saying, *and* he snapped at a client right there in the conference room. In front of everyone."

Peter visibly cringed and looked at Beck's way.

Liz sighed, shaking her head, "Our boss is such a case, Peter. Actually, you too are."

It hurted to hear Beck is being affected like that but Peter's sure it would hurt more if he would have just acted as if nothing happened to plainly ignore and forget about Peter's presence. Peter would be crushed, he doesn't think he would be able to take it if Beck would just smile and act like his normal self to blind everybody with his charming personality. It would probably make him die a little more inside if Beck would have decided to act as if everything was okay.

Because nothing is okay.

And, it's selfish. It super fucking selfish –but Peter's glad to see Beck is affected by everything that happened too.

Peter doesn't feel as lonely and pathetic.

"What on earth happened that got you both all fucked up?" Liz asked with noisy curiosity marked in her voice.

Peter rolled his eyes and huffed, "It's not even worth talking about."

Liz was about to speak again but the client left, leaving the hallway alone and in complete white silence; Beck slowly turned towards them and directed himself towards Liz. He still wasn't sparing Peter a glance.

Peter looked down when the man stood before them.

"Thank you for everything, Ms. Allen," He said, "The meeting succeeded in the end thanks to you."

She smiled kindly, "It's my pleasure, Mr. Beck."

The man nodded and sighed, he looked at his watch and then at the lonely corridor; he looked awkward, which is odd, awkward and *Quentin Beck* does not fit together. Liz cleared his throat and Peter shifted, they both shared a look. Then, after Beck seemed to be contemplating something, he *finally* looked at Peter.

And, just Peter.

"Can I speak to you in my office?" He asked in a low voice, as if to be discreet.

Peter just nodded and gave Liz a last glance before following their boss' step close behind.

Peter shut the door behind himself and Beck walked to his desk, he leaned on the edge of it and crossed his arms, though, a hand came up to scratch at his beard. A nervous habit Quentin owns. Peter walked towards the man, till he was standing in front of him, leaving a decent, wide space between them.

After a flat, echoing silence accompanied the air, Peter cleared his throat and crossed his arms.

"You wanted to talk to me."

"Yes," Beck looked at him.

Peter shifted uncomfortably under the gaze, "What is it then?"

"I thought you weren't going to show up. I tried calling you," The man said, trailing off slightly, "I got worried."

"I didn't hear my alarm clock," He sighed, "And, I'm sorry for arriving this late, I know the meeting was really important."

Beck shook his head and shrugged effortlessly, "It doesn't matter, I understand. I just got worried."

Peter looked down momentarily, "Sorry. I'm okay."

He eyed Peter's face and spoke lowly, "Are you okay?"

Beck sounded incredulous, it wasn't aggressive, it was just filtered with a preoccupied tone. Peter decided to ignore that incredulous ring, Quentin just knows him too well; he ignored that too. Instead, he hummed and nodded, giving the man a tight, small smile.

"Yes, I'm okay."

"You're not. I know you," Beck said.

Peter *almost* scoffed, "I am."

The man sighed, "I was almost certain you would miss work today after Friday's —"

"Don't bring it up," Peter shook his head, looking away to try and distract himself.

"I think there were some things left to say," Beck stated quietly.

"Well, in my opinion, I said everything I needed to say," Peter said a little too harshly, unconsciously.

"Well, I didn't," Beck stated back, matching his tone.

They looked at each other, thinking. Beck looked like he wanted to step closer but he stayed there, giving Peter space. Then, Peter shut his eyes for a moment and shook his head weakly.

"I'm tired, Beck."



"Me too—"

"No, you're not. *I am*. I made made myself look like a fucking idiot on Friday and you just stood there. Pitying me. Doing *nothing*, Quentin," Peter firmly stared at the man, he crossed his arms.

*Ha*. Change of plans, maybe Peter does want to talk about it.

Beck's blue eyes look miserable, staring and eyeing Peter as if searching for words. He looks upset and torn at the same time. That stingy sensation invaded Peter's eyes and he cursed under his breath before looking away from the other's continuous glare.

Honestly, he can't afford to be preoccupied to be seen crying by Beck again, he's been seen in a worse state and he has bigger worries. Crying feel natural to Peter now and he deeply hates it.

Beck sighed and gave two steps till he was in front of Peter, in his space. Peter watched their shoes and Beck raised his hands to gently hold Peter arms. Peter shrugged him off but Beck did it again, this time he tried to pull him in, trying to wrap his arms around him and hug him. Beck always does it when Peter's upset or crying and Peter would gladly accept the affection, it always helps to ease whatever affliction going on inside his head –but nothing is like it used to be.

Things are shittier. Things are awkward. Things are confusing.

And Peter is *fucking* tired.

"Don't touch me," He muttered, pushing Beck's hands away effortlessly.

"Peter," Beck whispered, trying again.

"I said don't touch me," Peter's firm tone matched the strong shove at Beck's arms.

"Stop pushing me away," Beck flopped his arms on his side and shrugged, giving Peter a discouraged look, "*Please*. I don't know what to do."

Peter thinks Beck deserves to be pushed away by him. At least he thought so as he didn't fight again when the man pulled him in, sharing a space now, which felt comfortably numb.

Peter remained tense and stood still at first when Beck brought him into the careful hug, wrapping his arms around his back and eliminating any remaining space between them. Peter didn't react for a moment, he just stood there with his own arms dropped on his sides and staring at the wall behind as his chin rested on the taller's man shoulder.

"I'm sorry," The man whispered, tightening his hold when he saw Peter wasn't responding, "I'm really sorry for everything, Peter."

It was the honest to God tone and soft ring in Quentin's voice and maybe the warmest hold Peter's felt in a while that he let down his guard and pride just to give out a loud, relieved sigh and finally returned the embrace. Peter rested the side of his face on the broad shoulder as his hands touched the expensive fabric of the blazer covering Beck's back. Peter could hear their heartbeat and their even breath, he shut his eyes when Beck kissed the side of his head affectionately.

They held each other tight, accompanied with the stupid frustration of being a part even if just was for a few poor weeks. It felt good. Having Beck like this, touching him, holding him, breathing the same air and atmosphere as him, it felt good.

It felt right.

And that made Peter's lips wobble and eyebrows scrunch up in pathetic misery as he sobbed quietly and felt the need to stomp his foot on the floor like a little, immature child. He just wants to stop crying but at the same time it felt good to *not* cry alone.

It felt good to not cry in his room all lonely or in the bathtub, or during sex with Brad, on the way to work, on the way home, while texting Beck, or just crying before falling asleep and annoying his boyfriend because Peter just won't tell him what's fucking wrong.

It felt good crying with Beck scent surrounding him as his arms hold Peter safe and warm –even if the cause of his sorrow is said man hugging him stupid.

Still, Peter did his best to not let Beck notice his crying, he doesn't want to feel any more woeful, he doesn't want to feel like the victim.

Because, he really isn't, Peter knew what he was getting himself into from the beginning.

He did tried his best.

That's his only reassurance.

"I don't like seeing you cry. It kinda breaks my heart," The man confessed silently, as if he was thinking out loud.

Peter's lame attempts of not letting himself be noticed in said state was for nothing, apparently. He honestly couldn't bring himself to give a shit, not really.

"I hate fighting with you," Peter confessed back, sniffing wetly.

Beck nodded, squeezing him, agreeing.

"We've been doing it a lot lately," Peter mumbled, "... And you've been *such* a dick"

Beck snorted and pulled away to look at Peter, "I haven't been myself lately," He smiled dolefully, "I'm sorry."

"Me neither, to be fair," He shrugged lightly, "It's been a fucking mess, Beck."

Beck raised his eyebrows, "It has."

And—

Peter stared at his favorite face in the world, damned him dearly. He stared at it up close too, he just missed looking while standing this close. Beck's beard was growing more too, his hair wasn't neatly combed like always and his tie was done poorly; Peter would usually fix it every morning because he only learned how to do a tie by a YouTube tutorial for Beck, he would pull Beck down

by the tie to kiss him good morning too. Peter guiltily and miserably craved that feeling and that action to be his first and truthful good morning bliss and tedious sloppy happiness.

Beck stared back, he looked like wanted to say something but he wasn't saying anything, he stared at Peter's freckless and eyes instead as the clock behind them seemed louder than ever and it kept clicking.

Peter felt hurried but he wasn't moving, he didn't want to move. Still, he gradually let go of Beck and of their sweet embrace.

Earlier, Beck looked really tired and sleep deprived, but at the moment –he looked as awake as ever, now that he was looking at the brown eyes. As if he's been injected an energy shot by getting to look at Peter and speak to him.

Peter understands, oh yes, on a personal level; he does feel more revived with the littlest of attention and affection Beck gives him. He gets the special tingles and uncaring butterflies in his belly.

He understands his ugly addiction now and why is it so difficult to cure.

Quentin is his opium.

And Peter is using.

Beck dropped a hand to his own side but one came to hold the side of Peter's neck, the fingers felt warm against his cold skin, his thumb was rubbing there and it made Peter weak to his knees.

Peter sighed, feeling fucking defeated, busted and drained. So bad that he just felt like Beck was the only thing and only one that could blast some sort of intense vitality into his exhausted, collapsing system.

But at the same time Beck was the one draining that vitality, maybe not just Beck, just the mere situation they found themselves in this precise world.

Beck. It's always been Beck, not Brad or the guy he dated in college, or the guy he hooked up with last summer. *Just Beck.*

There's a lot of options, a lot of places, a lot of people but Peter can only see Beck. And he doesn't know how to just *stop*.

Peter slowly, hesitantly raised a hand to place it on top of the one on his neck, he would've push it away but instead he just held it and looked up at the man.

That was enough of an action and permission or just encouragement for Quentin to take a step forward and look at Peter as if he was reading the signs of the times.

They're like magnets. Like fucking magnets who can't help but be dragged against one another in the most inevitable way.

It was unexpected or probably, really expected –they kissed.

Beck leaned in first, fast and lithe as if he was afraid Peter would push him away so he held his jaw with both hands, soft enough for Peter to easily step away and careful enough for Peter to want more.

Peter didn't push or hit him away, he should've, but he just didn't fucking *want* to.

This was home. This was his spot, his cocoon, his warmth and ever-lovely comfort.

Peter shut his eyes at first instance, almost automatically he held Beck's neck with his hands as their lips moved with little hesitation and enough passionate desperation. Beck tasted like bourbon and mint, he tasted warm and familiar. Wet sounds emitted embarrassingly as their tongues met in sweet unison, it was just like brushes and languid little licks. Nothing vulgar or sexual. It was just their mouths enjoying each other's presence and making up for all the inconvenient, lost times.

Brad barely crossed his mind, Beck was consuming, making him forget about any coherent piece of thought.

Peter tilted his head and sighed against Beck. He felt like crying, like laughing hysterically. He wanted Beck to grip his waist instead till it hurt and Peter wanted to pull at Beck's hair till it snaps. Just in mere desperation and despair.

Nothing was in his mind, no Brad, no fights, no friends, no slap, no cries and no shame. There was only Beck.

Fucking Beck.

Peter wants to hate his guts but he just can't.

Not when he's kissing him so carefully and lovingly that's just melting Peter's poor, aching heart.

And, Peter just can't keep away. He's tried. *Shit*, God knows he's tried.

Peter pulled away to give the other's lips constant, quick pecks as if Beck would just disappear. As if checking Beck is really and finally there. He held each side of Beck's face, fingers digging against the skin as he pulled Beck closer and closer.

It contained this weird, fulfilling feeling. It was cravingly beautiful.

As their lips smacked together, hungry and easy... Peter's just wondering why Beck's still doing this. Why hasn't he told Peter to fuck off after confessing his stupid, inevitable feelings. Why isn't Beck giving him the whole 'fool around' talk. Why hasn't Peter scared him of yet.

Why is Beck still here acting like he's just as torn as Peter?

Maybe he is, Peter thought. But that just doesn't make sense –his boss, the definition of no commitment, the player, the oblivious one, the carefree and slightly selfish man that has been driving Peter lovingly insane and playing with that for the last past months. *No*.

There's no a single way Quentin Beck is all fucked up by the fucking *secretary*.

Beck kissed him emotionally harder. Taking his oxygen away, Peter gave up for a moment trying to figure out the hard ordeal.

"I fucking miss you," Beck whispered in-between little kisses, "I miss *us*."

Peter sniffed and nodded. He just kissed him back, a little bit less hasty.

"I'm going crazy without you."

Peter just listened, he didn't want the illusion or create a hopeful reality in his head.

And it was like Beck read his mind bare.

*"I mean it."*

Peter clenched his eyes.

"I need you—"

Suddenly, a knock at the door echoed in the quiet office and it made them jump and pull away from each other like they were just stung by something poisonous.

Peter wiped his shiny mouth with his sleeve and with shaky hands grabbed his iPad as Beck fixed his shirt, brushed off invisible dust from his pants and cleared his throat.

"Y-yeah?"

*"Uh, it's Liz, sir."*

Peter stepped as far away as he could from him and Beck hid his hands inside the pockets of his trousers. He shot Peter a nervous look before sighing.

"Come on in."

Liz slowly opened the door, looked at them and their positions and promptly looked down at the papers on her hands, clearly sensing the heavy tension.

"Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Beck. The newest investor, Mr. Zemo, is already waiting for you in the conference room," She said awkwardly, pointing outside.

"Oh, right, yeah," Quentin breathed out and rubbed his face in an frustrated way, "Is there any way we can cancel? I've kinda of got something more important going on."

Peter looked away when Beck eyed him shortly.

"Uh, I – I don't," Liz stammered with evident confusion in her face, "Sorry, but I don't think that's possible, sir. You've already cancelled twice and it's Mr. Zemo, you know? And he's already here with his team. But, I could try and cancel—"

"N-no, that's okay," Peter interrupted her, making the both of them suddenly look at his way, "This is really important, Zemo is kind of a big deal."

Beck spoke over Peter, "No, seriously, Liz. Please try and cancel the meeting."

"No," Peter glared up at Beck.

Liz stared at Beck and Peter back and forth, slightly panicking. Poor Liz, Peter thought. She's always finding herself in awkward situations because of them.

"I'll go help you set the things in a bit," Peter smiled slightly at her.

Liz nodded, slightly dumbfounded, "... Your presentation is already being projected, Mr. Beck, is that alright?"



Beck nodded too, seeming annoyed but he made himself share a tight grin, "Okay, I'll be right out in a minute, honey, thank you."

Liz tried to smile but it came out more as an awkward grimace and she gave Peter a short, wide eyed look before stepping out off the office and closing the door behind herself in a hurry.

They were left in complete silence before Peter spoke abruptly.

"I must head back—"

"Why did you do that?"

"What?" Peter frowned.

"I really don't feel talking to that preppy asshole and pretend to smile like a clown," Beck said, "I seriously feel like I will fucking snap and break something if I have to talk to someone that isn't you."

Peter didn't answer, he just stared at Beck.

"I need to talk to *you*."

"You already are," Peter mumbled.

"No, Peter," Beck walked towards him, "I mean to really talk."

"We already did."

"Well, I want to talk again, okay—"

Peter interrupted him, "I honestly don't see the point—"

"Would you stop, Peter?" Beck said exasperatedly, holding Peter's shoulders, "Seriously, you're driving me mad with your mood swings!"

"I am driving you mad with my mood swings?" He raised his voice too and stared at the man in plain disbelief.

"I don't wanna argue, please," Beck whispered, holding Peter's face instead with his hands.

Peter just looked up at him as Beck stepped a little closer.

"Come on, baby, let me talk to you," He spoke softly and his thumbs carefully brushed Peter's cheekbones.

"Don't call me that," Peter whispered stubbornly.

Beck sighed, "I know I probably don't deserve it."

"No, I think you already lost your chance," Peter stared at him, "I'm really tired, Beck, I really don't have the energy for this."

Beck just stared at him, still not letting go.

"I'm done," Peter mumbled quietly.

He sighed, "Peter, I didn't even get to say anything that day, you walked out on me."

"Because you just stood there and said nothing!"

His loud tone echoed inside the walls, making them both look down, he carefully pushed Beck and stepped away, giving himself some personal space again as he was let go of by Quentin. Peter crossed his arms and took a deep breath.

"I'm just asking you to listen to me," Beck silently said.

Peter scoffed, ironically so, "You've been saying that since I arrived, if you wanna talk so badly then just fucking say it! I know what you're gonna say already, so don't mind—"

"No, you don't," Beck shook his head calmly.

Peter stared at him and angrily mumbled, "You're full of shit, Quentin."

The man raised his eyebrows and exhaled in plain frustration, "Okay, I know you don't believe what I say and you have every right to not believe shit— and", he clenched his fist, "I just can't *stop* fucking thinking about you, okay?"

Peter just stood there. Staring.

"I don't —It's fucking weird, I don't know," Beck said, starting to pace on his spot back and forth in evident distress, "It's actually giving me anxiety for fucks sake. And, believe, I've never suffered from such thing as *anxiety*."

"I don't understand," Peter said. "You're being weird."

"Of course I'm being weird, It's driving me fucking crazy, Peter. That is," Beck pointed at him before walking over to stand in front of him again, "I-I've never felt *this* before and it's driving me fucking crazy."

"Felt like what?" Peter asked in a small voice.

Felt. Like. *What*.

Just like Peter feels?

Mhm... No.

But why is Beck taking the time to be here, with Peter, talking and acting like a nervous maniac, sweating and moving constantly as if he was on fucking coke. He honestly doesn't recognise Beck at the moment and Peter doesn't know how he is supposed to feel about it.

There's much more to this... Right?

Peter cleared his throat, "I don't understand?"

He fucking hated the hopeful tone in his voice, the way it wavered and how he stared up at Beck with his big brown eyes and enamoured gleam. He hates how pathetic he feels right now and all the time, how small he makes himself and how down he puts himself.

Still—

"Answer me," Peter said quietly.

It took Beck a moment to look at him, his eyes seem tired, red and small. He promptly looked down again and shook his head.

"I'm trying, Pete."

"Just tell me."

"*I can't.*"

*Right.*

He forgot he was talking to Quentin Beck and Peter was left expecting something. As merely always. *Silly. Silly. Silly.*

Without a word, Peter walked towards the door, Beck followed him instantly, he tried to grab Peter's arm but Peter pushed him away strongly.

He almost got to open the door but Beck placed himself in in front.

Peter exhaled in frustration and raised a hand to murmur dangerously low, "Step away."

"Peter, stop," Quentin begged, holding Peter back and struggling against Peter's constant shoves, "*Stop.*"

"I can't," Peter's voice broke, shaking his head and taking a deep, shaky breath. He shoved him weakly and angrily looked at him, "Step away or I'll scream. I mean it."

Quentin didn't answer, he barely move away from the door, he just warily looked at Peter.

"I don't wanna be here. With you. I wanna leave. Can you *please, please* move?" He stared up at the blue eyes.

The man hesitated for a second, before nodding slowly while stepping away from the door.

With a last upset look, Peter opened the door quite strongly and stomped down the hallway not before grabbing his bag to quickly leave. He doesn't quite know where all the anger is coming from. He just knows his blood is boiling and any politeness left in his body is subsiding gradually. He just needs to get out of there. To not see Beck. Because if he keeps looking at that man, Peter's afraid he'll flip something upside down.

He's finally had enough. He's fed up.

Liz was coming down the hallway with a coffee in hand, she saw Peter and frowned in confusion, watching him pass way.

"Hey, where are you going —"

"I'm calling in sick, sorry," Peter lied, looking over his shoulder.

Liz watched him go and sighed thoroughly, "Great." She muttered frustratedly under her breath.

She walked towards Beck's office, but then she suddenly got startled when the door opened abruptly and Beck was hurriedly stepping out, bumping against Liz and almost dropping her coffee. He carefully grabbed her arms to stabilise her.

"Sorry, honey, didn't see you there."

"Jesus, Mr. Beck. Is everything okay?"

He ignored her question, "Where's Peter?"

"Uh, he was heading for the elevator..." She trailed off as Beck quickly walked past her and jogged down the hallway.

Liz just stared and sighed once more, "*Idiots.*"

-

"Hey!"

Peter looked and frowned when he saw Beck sticking an arm in-between the elevator doors before they could shut close, they opened wide opened and Beck pressed a button so they would stay open. Peter's frown deepened.

"What are you doing—"

"I'm sorry," Beck simply said, "I'm a fucking idiot, okay?"

Peter just stared at him, confused.

Thankfully the elevator was empty, it was just Peter in it; otherwise, it would've been awkward.

"I don't know how to do this," Beck sighed and shrugged, "Truth is, I've never had to do this."

The man fetched out of his pocket a folded, paper sheet that looked like its been crumbled and then stretched out thoroughly, he presented it in front of him and Peter looked at it and then at him, still giving him a relentless look.

"I've been meaning to give you this since we saw each other on Friday."

"What is that?" Peter warily asked.

"A letter, I guess?" Beck awkwardly said and grimaced, "I'm not necessarily... *good* at expressing myself, you should know that out of everyone. So, please, bare with me, Peter."

Peter just looked at him.

"Come one, take it," Beck said lowly, "Please."

Peter did, slowly so.

Beck smiled cheerlessly and with a hand in his pocket and the other pressing the button again, he stepped out of the elevator.

"Bye, Pete."

"Bye," Peter struggled to shortly speak.

Soon the doors were closing and Peter was left staring at the metal, cold looking doors. Gripping

the letter in his hand.

## Chapter End Notes

I used a lot of swearing in the narrative but I was hoping to portray Peter's and Quentin's frustration, i hope it didn't come out unnecessary.

I hope you liked the chap, I'd love to read your thoughts:)

Thank u for reading! <3



## Chapter 6

### Chapter Summary

Peter tells Brad about Beck, he then finally reads the letter.

### Chapter Notes

Hey!! How are you all?? :D

I apologize for the long time of not posting a new chapter, I struggled a little bit with this one and worked on it for a few weeks but it's finally done!

I wanna thank you all so much again for commenting and supporting this along the way, that was what inspired me to continue this, you're all so, so lovely and reading you and getting to interact with you makes me so happy and want to continue ♥

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

(On a side note, I don't remember why I even put this work under anonymous lol but I changed it so, hi there!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter didn't unfold, nor did he read the letter.

He didn't contact Beck like he desperately wanted to.

He couldn't bare the thought of doing it, he is not brave enough, he was afraid of the vague thought of knowing what is written in the paper. He doesn't know what to expect. Beck is hard to read.

Peter wanted to save himself from any further little heartache – because he just doesn't know what does the letter say, he isn't ready to find out.

He will have to read it at some point, though.

But that's for later. Perhaps. Peter is angry at Beck, he is upset and he's feeling resentful. He is angry at the fact that Beck has to give him a fucking letter. Why can he just say it to Peter?

Maybe Peter is being selfish and he isn't being understanding, maybe he needs to be more empathetic and caring.

But, honestly, he's had enough. Beck has hurt him enough. They've hurt each other enough.

Maybe he will never read the letter and just leave it inside his drawer, where he put it as soon as Peter stormed inside his apartment, stripped to just his underwear and flopped on the bed with a exhausted sigh. He didn't even cry, he didn't have the energy. He doesn't think he can cry anymore. He feels dry and empty, just overwhelmingly numb. He just ended up aimlessly scrolling through his phone, silently hoping - just to comfort his ego - that Beck would call him or text him, of course Peter wouldn't answer but just he would feel more at ease knowing Beck is thinking about him.

Beck didn't call, he didn't text.

Inevitably Peter fell into a deep and long slumber.

-

The next day, as expected, Peter called in sick, he called Liz in a groggy voice because he tried, he really tried to get up and get ready for work but he really couldn't, his body ached and he felt weak, he physically couldn't stand up from bed and get ready for the day, his eyes wouldn't stay open; so he ended up on his side, the fluffy cover over his head as he talked with Liz, making excuses and trying to hang up.

"Just tell Beck that I called in sick," He has said when Liz tried to argue.

"Why don't you tell him?" She sighed in frustration.

"Please, Liz. Tell him," Peter had shut his eyes.

He thought they would hang up because neither was talking but Liz quietly spoke after a moment.

"Pete, this is getting crazy. What's going on?" She asked, "I know you aren't well, but tell me."

Peter had sighed too, "I don't feel like talking right now, Liz, really. I'll tell you later, promise. I just – I just wanna sleep."

His friend hesitated for a bit but ended up agreeing, "Okay, keep resting and get well," She mumbled, "I care about you, Pete. I don't like seeing you like this. I'm here if you need anything, you know?"

"I know," Peter smiled sadly and nodded, "Thank you, Liz. Seriously. For everything. Love you."

"Love you too, silly."

And with that they hung up.

After little thought and hesitation, Peter went back to sleeping comfortably on his mattress, it was cold, he just pulled the covers and sheets tightly around his body. Beck didn't call him that day, he always does when Peter is late work or when he doesn't arrives. But this time he didn't call him. It stupidly affected Peter. He quickly fell asleep and tried not to think about it too much.

The humming and warmth of his heater was comforting enough.

—

A cold hand running on the small of his back and leg made Peter stir and awaken from his sleep, he huffed and shifted, before he remembered he was alone. He jerked fully awake and sat down, making the bed creak, his hands and arms were already up in defense but he quickly recognise the cologne and the person with him; Peter flopped down on the bed heavily.

"Oh, my God," He sighed, a hand on his chest and the other on his face, "What are you doing here?"

Brad chuckled and slapped his thigh playfully, "Hey, babe."

"You scared me, asshole," He looked at Brad and raised a hand to push at his smirking face.

"Your defense reflexes aren't that good."

"Ugh, shut up," Peter hid his face with his arms, he couldn't help but smile slightly when Brad sat down on the edge of the bed and leant down to blow a raspberry on his belly, it tickled. He looked down at him, "What time is it?"

"8 sharp. "

Peter looked at the window on the wall and frowned; indeed it was already dark outside. He's been asleep for almost half of the day, he looked at his side and his small night lamp was already on, Brad must have turned it on. Peter groaned lazily and stretched himself, arms above his head and legs stretched out. The hand on his belly and chest caressing his naked skin felt good. He opened his eyes and looked up at Brad. Brad grinned at him. Peter felt guilty, obviously so, he just smiled slightly and raised a hand to play with Brad's jacket.

"Hey, how did you get in anyways?" Peter asked, tilting his head in confusion.

"Oh, I tried calling you and you didn't answer, so I knocked on your door several times and you weren't answering either," Brad explained, "Then I found out it was unlocked."

Peter frowned again, "Really? I didn't lock the door?"

"You didn't lock the door, Peter," His boyfriend confirmed, sighing and rolling his eyes, "You should be thankful it was me and not the creep you have as a landlord."

Peter looked at the ceiling and mumbled, "I didn't realise sorry."

Brad eyed him slowly, "You okay?"

Peter hummed, looking at him again.

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" He frowned.

"My boss left for a business trip," Peter lied, looking away again.

"So, you don't have to be at the office?" Brad asked and Peter nodded, "Neat, it's like a little break."

Peter snorted and shrugged, "Kinda."

"You've been asleep for a while," Brad grinned, pinching Peter's cheek where a pronounced pillow mark was.

Peter groaned, slapped his hand away and got on his side, "I'm really tired."

"Why?" Brad asked.

"Work sucks lately," Peter murmured.

Brad hummed and laid down behind Peter, he hugged his middle and pulled him close, tucking Peter under his chin. Peter grabbed Brad's hand and pulled against his chest. Brad's rough clothing rubbed against his bare skin as he shifted to kiss Peter's shoulder longingly, he trailed up to his neck until he got to his head and placed a small kiss there.

It felt good. The gesture, it felt good.

It took Peter's mind slightly away from *–him*.

He doesn't even wants to think about his name or say it. He thinks it would help him cease the anxiety and dullness inside him.

Brad continued kissing his neck and shoulder, biting the flesh playfully as Peter shut his eyes and

let himself enjoy the tingling, pleasant touch.

"Are you still tired?" Brad whispered.

Peter just hummed lazily, feeling like falling asleep again and already.

"Wanna go to a party? My friends invited me," He suggested.

Peter shook his head, "I'm good, thank you. Go if you want."

"Wanna go out and have dinner?" Brad asked instead, sighing in annoyance.

Peter thought about it but ended up shaking his head again. The last thing he feels like doing is getting up to get ready and exit his apartment. He hates the thought of walking, showering, eating or doing any physical movement that requires trying right now.

Brad groaned and dropped his head against Peter's shoulder, "What you wanna do then?"

"Sleep," Peter mumbled, shifting his body and turning around to face his boyfriend, he draped his arm over Brad's middle and dug his puffy face against the strong chest, "Hug me."

He thought that maybe some body warmth and someone enveloping him in a tight embrace might make him feel better and comfortable. Peter should try, at least.

Brad wrapped an arm loosely against Peter's waist, he continued listing his suggestions, Peter kept shaking his head and moaning moodily. He was actually starting to get frustrated because he just wanted to go back to sleep, then Brad asked again, quietly so.

"You wanna... fuck?"

Silence.

That made Peter think for a moment and open his eyes. He slowly perked his head up to look at his boyfriend's face. Brad was staring at him already with a cheeky smirk and one of his hands was playfully dragging itself down Peter's back. *Mhm*. Peter could use a distraction. Peter is in need of a distraction or some forsaken relief. He needs some stimulation to his emotions and body and something to forget. And just not think.

Think about Beck.

Even if it's for a little while and it will probably make him feel more shitty afterwards. He hasn't had sex in God knows how long, maybe two weeks already, he and Brad haven't been seeing each other that much, even when they do Peter finds an excuse to say no when Brad wants to start something. He just doesn't feel it or isn't in the mood. And Beck –Peter mentally scoffed at that thought. It feels like forever since he has *being* with Beck.

It feels deeply distant and miserable. Peter misses it. Oh, of course he does.

Peter guiltily craves it, he yearns it.

It feels wrong not having Beck. It feels wrong to be always arguing. It's painful and it's sad and it's just Peter's worst nightmare.

Why did he had to open his stupid mouth and confess everything on that Thanksgiving day?

No – *Why* did he had to catch feelings?

Because them fucking wasn't merely carnal and forbiddingly erotic, there was something more to it –God knows there was something more to it.

Peter saw the way Beck would stare at him as they were one, as Peter laid on a surface, skin reddened and legs spread for Beck and only Beck. As Beck trusted slowly and deeply, as Peter took it and gripped it. Peter saw the way Beck would stare at him when he thought Peter wasn't noticing. How he would pant and look at Peter's moaning lips and euphoric sight. He would lick hungrily and slowly at Peter's salty skin. As if it was a vanilla ice cream.

He would look at Peter in adoration and desperation as if he just couldn't believe his own very eyes the beauty and artistry that was Peter; as if Peter had brought the moon with him and enlighten Quentin Beck's lonely and boring life.

Peter knew the way Beck would look at him.

Oh, if Beck would just admit it.

"*Yeah*," Peter finally whispered, quickly leaning in to kiss the other's man's lips with little thought.

It was rough, desperate and a little bit effortless. Brad's hands caressed his cold skin and Peter just hoped to forget.

—

Oh, he just wants to forget.

But of course, Peter couldn't forget.

—

Peter found himself on top of Brad, straddling him and riding him with a distanced pace, with a distracted gaze and distracted kiss. Peter just couldn't focused. Brad's back rested against the headboard, he sat holding Peter's waist and middle, warm fingertips dragging on pale skin. It made Peter felt nothing. Brad's head was tilted, kissing Peter's shoulder and neck. Still, Peter felt nothing.

Peter took advantage that his boyfriend was busy kissing his shoulders longingly because he stared behind Brad, at the headboard and wall. With half-closed eyes and a lost gaze, not looking at anything in particular. He just rolled his hips effortlessly and loosely hugged his boyfriend's shoulders. Brad was fucking up into him, just how Peter liked.

And, it should feel good – but, still, Peter felt nothing.

He wasn't even hard. Brad didn't even notice. He wasn't enjoying. He wasn't distracting himself. He wasn't loving Brad. He didn't want this. He was just thinking. And, fuck he couldn't stop



thinking.

It got worse when Peter turned his head to the side and looked at where the picture of he and Beck together was. It was now hidden in a drawer. He looked on purpose. Just to torture himself. He thought about Beck and how he wished Beck was here instead of Brad. A lonely, fat tear rolled down his right cheek. Peter stared aimlessly at the wall as his body moved in time with his boyfriend's thrust.

Then, he finally realized.

This isn't *fair*.

For neither of them. Not for Brad. Not for Peter. This is fucked, far from mending.

This is going nowhere. Neither is Peter. He feels lost and in pain. He isn't in the right mind to pretend. Not anymore.

He used to love Brad. He really did. A few years ago. He used to think that they would marry and live together. They were young, they were silly. He did use to love his boyfriend. Not anymore.

Brad should know the truth.

Slowly, Peter sniffed, straightened on Brad's lap and wiped at his face where another tear had fell. Brad didn't notice because he confused them to signs of pleasure. Peter stopped his hips and rested his forehead against his boyfriend's. He panted and kissed softly Brad's lips, one last time. He didn't open his eyes, just rested against Brad.

"*I can't.*"

Brad said breathlessly, "You tired? You wanna change—"

Peter shook his head and pulled away, he repeated, "I can't."

"Does it hurt?" Brad asked with worry.

He shook his head again and avoided eye contact as he got off his boyfriend, grimacing at the feeling inside him, "I'm sorry."

"What is it?" The other said with evident confusion.

"I can't keep doing this, Brad. I'm sorry," He murmured lowly.

He carefully grabbed the sheets to cover his naked body as he sat on the edge of the bed, looking ahead with a tired expression, aimlessly letting his eyes stay on the wall.

"What – I don't understand, Peter," Brad sat down too with a sigh.

"I can't do this anymore," Peter said dryly, swallowing. Brad still was staring at him with confusion so he tried again, quietly so, shamefully so, "I don't think we should be together anymore."

There was a short silence after that, Peter was still looking away from Brad, then he spoke too, in disbelief. Peter's belly turned in mortification. He just wanted this to be over and be left alone.

"*What?*"

"I'm really sorry–"

"What are you saying?" His boyfriend asked with a frustrated tone.

"I don't wanna be with you anymore, Brad," Peter sighed.

More silence, this time it lasted more. They both sat at the edge of the bed, sheets covering their bodies as they stared at whatever was in the wall in front of them. Brad cleared his throat and looked at Peter, trying to look at him in the eye. Peter was refusing.

"Why are you saying this just now?"

"I can't do this anymore. I reached my limit," Peter carefully admitted.

"Are you breaking up with me?"

He hesitated shortly, he then silently nodded.

Brad nodded too, taken aback, "Did I do something or..."

"N-no, I just –" Peter tried not to stammer too much, "It's on me, okay? It's me."

"It's you? Forgive me, Peter, but I don't get it," Brad let out a frustrated breath, "We were just fucking a few moments ago and now you're breaking up with me?"

"I just can't keep lying to you and myself—" Peter was interrupted promptly.

"What do you mean?" Brad stood up abruptly and grabbed his underwear and pants to start dressing aggressively, giving Peter a sour look when he didn't answer.

He walked over Peter while buttoning his jeans, standing close and in front of him. Demanding and imposing. Like the old Brad Peter first knew. He waited, staring at Peter's hunched, vulnerable form; then, inevitably, he lost some patience because he raised his voice all of a sudden, waving a frustrated hand in the air.

"Elaborate, Peter!"

Peter flinched, "Don't get angry, please."

"How am I not supposed to get fucking angry if you're breaking up with me for no apparent reason!"

Promptly, Peter lost a little patience too, "I don't love you anymore!"

Brad didn't speak, just stared at Peter with a blank expression. Peter didn't speak either but he looked away from Brad because it hurt. Peter feels bad. He wishes he would just tell Brad over text to avoid the confrontation but of course Peter wouldn't do that. He just wishes for this to be over, for Brad to take his things and leave. Peter didn't expect that this would affect and hurt him this much. All this feelings, all this emotions, all this burdens, all this mortification.

It's all accumulating from the prior events with Quentin and it's weighting Peter down. Like a dead end.

Sinking him. Like an anchor in the middle of the sea. Peter feels like that.

Soon, Brad found his voice again, it was quiet, "You don't love me anymore? –Just like that?"

"I'm sorry, I really am," He answered with a wet voice.

Just like that, the other lost composure again, scoffing bitterly and saying loudly, "Don't say sorry just explain yourself to me because I'm not fucking understanding–"

"Brad," He sighed in exhaustion, rubbing his face.

"–all this bullshit you're telling me now!"

"I don't wanna be with you anymore!" Peter yelled, punching his fist on the mattress, giving Brad a desperate, upset look, "I never really wanted to. I'm sorry. I thought trying and getting back together would work but it didn't. It's not the same as it used to be and you know it."

"You never really wanted to?" Brad frowned, "What the fuck does that mean? You did it out of pity?"

"No, I honestly thought it would work out –but it didn't," Peter spoke in a quiet tone once again,

immediately feeling bad for yelling, he looked back down and grabbed his briefs from the floor to quickly put it on.

More tears flooded down his cheeks, blurring his eyesight slightly, warming his flushed cheeks. He wetland sniffed.

"Is this why you've been acting strange?" The other kept asking, now staring at Peter at eye level now that he was standing up too, "Because you *don't* love me anymore?"

Peter wiped at his face with his hands roughly, looking away and crossing his arms to cover his naked chest. He tries not to cry. To not keep on crying. But it truly was merely impossible. His face scrunched, his bottom lip wobbled as more tears fell. They were unwanted. Peter hated them. He hates crying. He just can't look at Brad and not feel bad. It really hurts him. He is a fool and selfish. Using Brad to forget his affliction –Quentin Beck.

It was for nothing because Beck and the letter is all Peter can think of now.

"Huh?" Brad asked, irked. Demanding a quick answer.

He kept looking away from Brad's intense gaze. He just slowly nodded.

Brad was silent for a moment before he scoffed and nodded too, giving Peter a disbelieving, bitter smile, "Well, now I know. Great. Thank you fucking much."

Without another word, Brad began putting on his shirt, turning around and grabbing his things, harshly putting them inside his bag. Peter watched him with wary eyes, wanting to hug him to try and calm him down but he knows that wouldn't work. It would be wrong and stupid. Brad probably hates him now even if not everything should fall at Peter's conscience and blame. He didn't choose any of this. He didn't think anything through. He didn't mean wrongfulness or despair. He just wanted to heal and get better. Look for a solution and a better future. A less miserable life.

Once again, none of that worked.

Peter flinched when the loud noise of some things from his desk fell to the ground when Brad accidentally knocked them off after he walked by. He didn't bother to pick them up, he looked

enraged. Getting some of his clothes that he keeps in Peter's closet, roughly pulling them off the hangers.

"I'm sorry, Brad," Peter struggled to say over the sob that escaped past his lips.

Brad stopped in his tracks and faced Peter again, frowning and pointing an angry finger at him as he walked towards him and stood before him.

"You know what? Fuck this. Fuck *you*. All this time you've managed to fuck normal things up in our relationship like dates, parties or fucking movie nights –whatever the fuck, because for some fucking reason you were always crying and complaining about something and now you even managed to fuck up the sex which fucking sucked, by the way," He spat out, looking at Peter with resentment, "*Congratulations.*"

It broke Peter. It injured his insides. He's sensitive and fragile insides. Everything that was accumulated in his heart and chest, it finally flooded out into Peter's system, like a natural disaster, destroying everything at a fast, discouraging pace. Peter start crying for real, sobbing and weeping embarrassedly loud. He couldn't care anymore. His shoulders shook as he felt threatened to an hyperventilation attack. He felt good for nothing. He *is* good for nothing. Brad just confirmed that.

Peter stood there, half-naked, cold and ashamed, crying with his hands hiding his face, trying to stop his sorrowful sobs.

"Oh, cry me a fucking river, Peter. I'm sick of you always playing the victim and crying for no reason," Brad said angrily, pointing a blaming finger at him, "I'm fed up with your shit and I'm done begging you like an idiot and trying to fix *our* relationship!"

"Stop yelling, please!" Peter raised his voice too, sounding harsh and broken. Weak and rotten.

Brad did stop yelling. He took a deep breath in and looked away. Seeming exhausted, trouble, doleful. Peter can relate.

"I'll always care for you, Brad. That doesn't change," Peter spoke weakly over the silence.

Brad ignored the statement and instead asked, in the same wobbly, hushed tone, "Are you seeing someone else?"

"No," He shook his head.

"You cheated on me?" Brad asked instead.

At that, Peter looked down and away from Brad's eyes.

"Did you?"

"It wasn't like that," He whispered with hesitation.

"Jesus fuck, Peter," Brad said with exasperation, he looked furious, "Then fucking tell me how it was!"

"W-we just kissed a few times. I'm sorry. That's it, I swear," Peter quickly said, desperately reaching out to try and grab Brad's arm when he started backing away, "I'm sorry, Brad. Please –"

"Don't fucking touch me," Brad muttered, pulling his arm out of Peter's grip strongly, his face twisted with hurt, "I can't believe you. Who?"

Peter didn't answer at first, just looked down once again and wiped away the new hot tears rolling off his face.

Unexpectedly, when all Brad heard was heard an answer, he gripped both of Peter's arms in a strong, hard grip and pushed Peter against the wall, slamming him there. Peter gasped and put his arms in front to defend himself but Brad had stepped back; looking down at Peter with a harsh expression. Peter sobbed and quickly flinched when the other yelled at his face.

"Brad–"

"Who, Peter! Tell me, why!" Brad got closer and cornered Peter against the wall behind them. Standing taller and intimidating. Peter looked away from the anger in the other's eyes.

"Just tell me, Peter. I need to know."

"B-beck," He whispered again, feeling like his throat just couldn't speak louder, it hurt. He quietly sobbed, "I love him." He anticipates another aggressive move from Brad, he put his arms up but nothing came.

"Beck," Brad said incredulously, tasting the name in his mouth bitterly, "Your... boss. Your fucking *boss*?"

"I'm sorry," It's all Peter could say, he was honest.

He truly is sorry. He feels like a piece of shit.

"And, you fucking *love* him?" The other snorted sarcastically, letting out a mean, discouraging chuckle, "You're pathetic, Peter. You know that? I feel sorry for you, really. Guys like him don't even get with people like *you*. You're just like a fucking hobby, Peter. A distraction. A fucking play thing."

"I'm sorry for everything, Brad."

That was Peter's simple answer to Brad's derogatory words. They burned and hurt Peter deep to the core. They have some truth behind them. Some ugly, deprecating, disdainful truth. Peter just wanted Brad to leave. Peter couldn't recognize him as of right now; he was being consumed by anger, despair, hatred and frustration. Hurting and offending Peter.

They both have hurt each other along the way. But Brad was just being straight up mean. Rude and crude. He reminded Peter of how he was in college, how he treated Peter in college. He was letting his emotions consume and control him, he was being impulsive. Not caring much about Peter or his feelings –still Peter didn't acknowledge that fact so well.

Because he felt like he deserves it. He deserves it all.

So on, Peter said sorry again when he glanced at the crushed look on Brad's face.



"I don't need your fucking apologies," He muttered lowly, stepping away and finishing getting his things, he wiped his face with his arm roughly. A few angry tears had escaped, "I can't believe I wasted my time. I can't believe you did this to me."

"I'm sorry, I am, please," Peter sobbed with sentiment, watching him pace around the room.

Brad quickly faced him, "Stop fucking crying!"

"Just go away!" Peter yelled back, fists clenching at his sides, "Please! I fucked up and I'm so sorry, I swear. But please stop yelling at me and get out."

Brad gave him a long, hard look before shaking his head and carrying his bag. He leaned in close to Peter and muttered crudely.

"*Slut.*"

Peter blinked as two tears rolled down miserably, he sniffed and looked down from the resentful gaze, "Please, leave," He whispered.

Brad turned around and stomped to the door. When it slammed shut and Peter was left in dead, ugly silence –he broke down in a drowning, sorrowful, heart-aching crying. Desperately gasping for air and weeping like a little child. He slid down the wall, not caring about the scratching in his back. He stretched his tired and heavy legs and held his chest with both hands, feeling it move and shake as his crying didn't cease.

He was cold on the floor, not wearing clothes but his underwear, but he didn't care. He started shivering and shaking. It may be the cold, or just a panic attack; Peter couldn't really differentiate.

He is numb all over.

-

It was the next day. He had skipped work again. He didn't even bother to notify Liz or Beck. He couldn't bring himself to. He didn't care. He doesn't have the strength.

He completely ignored his message app.

Here Peter found himself, hidden in his apartment, surrounded by the dark, old walls. It was four a.m and Peter couldn't sleep. He was wide awake. Mindlessly looking at whatever his tele was playing. He wasn't paying attention. He was sprawled on his couch. His head hurt, just like his eyes. His face was swollen and puffy, definitely from crying so much.

Peter stopped crying a few hours ago. He was dried out. Almost emotionless. Tired. Exhausted. He was just existing as of right now.

Yesterday, after Brad left, Peter stayed for several minutes curled up on the floor, unable to stand up or move. His body shook violently as he let out every sentiment and emotion accumulated through low cries and sobs. It felt good in the end, surprisingly so. As if a weight have been lifted off his chest. Even though it hurt, Peter felt relieved when Brad walked out his door.

Peter felt free in some weird way.

The words thrown at his way resonated inside his head, paining and mortifying Peter. But then, right there on the floor, when his cries had quieted down and he was just sniffing, processing everything that happened – Peter realized that he didn't deserve such a hard treatment. He knows he did wrong, he knows he fucked up but Brad crossed a line and Peter would never forgive him for everything crude and ruthless that he said to Peter.

Brad was the same Brad after all, he didn't really changed.

Peter is glad that's over now. He just wishes he would've reach some sort of healthy disclosure with Brad. But that just seems impossible.

*It's over now.*

Peter felt a little better when he gained the strength to stand up and head to the bathroom to shower. The water was too warm, making Peter's skin red but he didn't mind. It kept him awake. He washed the saltiness of his face and scrubbed harshly at his body. He wasn't crying anymore, just staring blankly at the floor as he washed himself.

He was tired but he wasn't sleepy. Peter tried sleeping again but his body refused to cave in. He just has sleep a lot. That's all Peter wants honestly to sleep and not think but he found himself wide awake in his living room. Hoping to magically feel sleepy and pass out right there on his couch.

He just doesn't *know* what to do with his life anymore.

And, just like that, as Peter was aimlessly staring at the show playing and eating old chips, his phone buzzed on his belly, he jumped slightly because he thought he had muted it after he finished playing some games on it.

Peter squinted at the bright light of the screen as he looked at it with a frown, reading the newest notification. His stomach twisted and heart jumped involuntarily. It was Beck. His name shown in bold letters. Tempting Peter to open the message.

He just stared at his phone and then at the ceiling, contemplating.

It felt familiar. It made him feel warm. Peter is used to Beck texting him late at night, when he can't sleep, when he is drunk, when he is working but he always contacts Peter out of everyone. Beck once told Peter after waking him up in a Wednesday night that he just likes listening to Peter's voice because it soothes him. It always made Peter smile, even if his sleep was interrupted. It made him feel all fuzzy and content knowing he was in Beck's mind in the most lonely, quiet moments for the man.

Beck hasn't reached out since since they last talked a few days ago. Peter lost count of the days. It could be two, it could be three. He wouldn't really know. It made Peter smile now. Just a small, closed-lip smile. Barely there. He felt relieved.

It felt like a contrast to how Brad left him feeling. Peter felt a rush of happiness and before he could hide his phone or throw it away, he quickly unlocked his phonescreen, going into his messages. He thinks it's a better option to just ignore it, to wait a few days to cool down, calm down and make up his mind about Beck; for his sake and well-being. For his *mental* well-being.

But Peter didn't. He is angry at Beck. So fucking angry but that doesn't stop him from wanting to know about him.

That doesn't stop him from loving him.

*God.* Peter is a fool.

He expected drunken, silly, incoherent texts. Peter wondered what was Beck doing awake. Probably thinking too, Peter pondered. But the texts didn't seem a product of a drunken mind.

**Hey**

**I know you're probably sleeping**

**Sorry to text you at this hour**

**I just want to know if you're okay**

**I can't sleep**

**I keep thinking of you**

**I miss you**

Peter sighed and closed his eyes. He dropped his phone on the couch and thought. Desperately trying not to. He quickly grabbed his phone again to read Beck's words. Peter bit his nails nervously as his eyes shifted over the words. Reading them over and over.

All of a sudden, before he could process it, Peter was standing up fast. Almost filling lightheaded. He headed with little thought to his room, where his drawer was. He opened it and stared inside for a moment before quickly reaching for the letter. Beck's letter. That crumbled piece of paper that its content was dedicated to Peter.

He took a seat in the edge of his bed. He looked at the folded paper sheet and with hesitation unfolded it after taking a deep breath.

He should definitely wait. He should definitely heal first or at least take his mind a few days off the matter. To distance himself from Beck – but Peter can't just do. He's tried and he doesn't want to. Beck messaging him just made it worse.

Peter's got nothing to lose, not right now. Not anymore.

He might as well read what Beck wrote to him.

And so he did before he could think twice.

*Pete*

*I decided to write this because I found it easier to express what I'm feeling when I'm not speaking.*

*I've never been good with emotions.*

*Or expressing myself.*

*I suck at it. My family was never affectionate with me and that's what I learned. That was all I knew.*

*I didn't know how not to be like that sometimes. I try everyday to not be like my family because they fucked something inside me.*

*And I don't want to hurt you, Peter. Never. You don't know how much I care for you.*

*I'm sorry for everything. I'm sorry for hurting you. I'm sorry that I treat you badly. I'm sorry I made you cry. I hate myself for it and I regret it everyday because I want to make you happy.*

*You're the most important person in my life now. You've been there for me all this time. I want to be there for you too.*

*I was denying how I felt, because I was scared. It's never happened before and I ~~don't~~ didn't know what to do.*

*I'm sorry it took me this long to realize.*

*I love you.*

-

Peter just sat right there, on his bed. Staring down at the letter and it's crumbled corners. He read it again. He couldn't help but process the words in disbelief. He didn't cry. He didn't feel sad. He found himself with a spiral of mixed emotions, heavy and present in his head. He brought the letter to his chest, holding it tightly with his palm against him.

Finally, a tear escaped. Still, he wasn't sad. Not at all.

He felt untroubled, serene, fulfilled.

*Beck.*

Quentin Beck.

It's always been him.

He should believe what he just read. He does. He isn't sure. It feels surreal. After so much burden and pain, it feels like he is being the target of a stupid, awful joke that it's just playing him.

Finally, Peter saw some light. It did not blind him.

And, so, Peter made up his mind. He didn't need any more motivation or reinforcement.

He hurriedly, without hesitation, stood up and put on jeans and a jacket, he pocketed the letter, he grabbed his phone and after clumsily putting on his sneakers; he left his small apartment without looking back.

He didn't pay much mind that it was almost five in the morning.

-

Peter found himself standing just outside Beck's apartment in Manhattan, he looked up at the big, opulent building as the uber that drove him there took off into the already crowded streets. The honking and people walking and talking sounded distant to Peter as he took a while to gain the courage to just move.

He finally did after a minute. After he forced his brain to shut down because he was just considering to turn away, take the subway this time and leave.

Peter walked up to the entrance where the wide, crystal door were. The doorman already knows Peter well from all the times Peter's been to Beck's apartment. The man recognized Peter fairly quickly and smiled politely.

"Hey, John," Peter said, waving.

"Good morning, Peter. I haven't seen you in a while around here," The man was already opening

the door for him, "Are you here to see Mr. Beck?"

Peter nodded.

"Would you like me to let Mr. Beck know you're here?"

Peter quickly shook his head and started entering the building, "He is expecting me," He lied, "Thank you, anyway, John."

"Of course, it was nice seeing you, Peter!"

"You too," Peter gave him a small, honest smile before turning back and heading to the elevator.

As Peter pressed the button to Beck's floor, he leaned back and took a deep breath, trying to reassure himself and think about what he should say. He just couldn't help feel awfully nervous and content at the same time to see Beck. It's only been two days but it strangely feels longer. The letter rests inside the pocket of Peter's jacket.

He looked at his surroundings and he just felt so *much* melancholy because he finally feels home.

He feels alright.

He has so many memories there. Everything reminded him off Beck.

How he would let Peter enter the elevator first, how he would press the button to his floor, expensive watch on his wrist, how he would lean against the mirror and pull Peter against him to kiss him if they were alone, how he would hug Peter's waist and whisper to him awfully irreverent things as he kissed softly down Peter's ear. How Peter would lean against him to hug his middle and deliver sweet, little kisses to his jaw and cheek while Beck was on a call. How would Beck hold Peter with so much passion and care and claim that it meant nothing.

It did mean something.

Peter now knows.

How they would be so happy – and they didn't even know.

Because Peter's just been miserable since they've been apart.

Then, finally, Peter stood outside Beck's door.

He took a deep breath and shut his eyes for a second before blindly and hurriedly reaching out to knock twice on the door.

It was silent for a moment before he heard shifting on the other side and soon a groggy, tired voice.

"Who is it?"

"It's me," Peter said shortly, in a small voice.

Silence again. Then, the door was being quickly unlocked and opened almost too fast.

There.

There Beck was. Standing tall. Standing sad. Standing tired. He looks so tired, like he hasn't sleep much. His blue eyes looked down at Peter in confusion and disbelief. He eyed him up and down quickly, as if to make sure he was really there and he wasn't tripping. He cleared his throat and looked down for a second.

"Peter," He mumbled.

"Hey," Peter gave him a tight smile, "Uh, sorry to show up at this hour."

"No, no. It's okay. I – please, come in," The man stepped aside and let Peter through. He quietly



shut the door behind them and turned to face Peter. Beck stared at him before giving him a small smile, "I'm happy to see you."

Peter just nodded and looked down as he crossed his arms, feeling quite awkward.

"Do you want something to drink?" Quentin asked, pointing at his kitchen and starting to walk there; Peter followed him, "I mean like water or coffee, or whatever you want."

"I'm okay," The younger man said and leaned back against the kitchen island, standing in from of Quentin, maintaining a safe distance.

"So," Beck asked after Peter remained silent.

"I just wanna talk," He simply said.

Beck nodded and crossed his arms too, he seem to think for a moment before speaking in a quiet tone.

"How are you?"

Peter just shrugged, "You?"

The man shrugged too, demotivated.

They were silent for a while again. Looking down and just breathing. Peter was waiting for Beck to say something, he always has something to say. But he didn't. He was just looking at Peter's shoes, avoiding eye contact.

So, Peter spoke, he said out loud the first thing that came to his mind.

"I miss you too," He said and when he saw Beck's confused expression, he added, "Your text. You texted me that earlier. I just – I guess I just wanted to say it back."

"I did. I do – I miss you."

Peter nodded, sighing and looking down. He was wordless again, just waiting for Beck to continue the conversation, to ask him something, to come closer or pull him closer. Whatever. But they stood frozen in place. The television from the living room echoed, filling in the quietness.

Then, suddenly, they spoke at the same time.

"–Did you read it?"

"–I broke up with Brad."

"What?" Beck frowned.

"I broke up with brad," He repeated in a mumble, "A few hours ago."

Beck stared at him for a moment before breathing in, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Peter nodded, and shrugged, "It was a little ugly but I'm okay."

"You're in good terms?"

He shook his head this time, looking down, "Not really."

"He did something to you?" The man asked quietly.

Peter shook his head again, "No," He lied, "I'm okay. I'm better now. I feel better, you know, now that we're not together."

Quentin nodded. They fell in silence again. Peter looked around the kitchen, trying to distract himself or just find something to say. It was weird being in silence. Usually, either Peter or Beck have something to say. They can't never shut themselves up. They always have something to

comment.

But it feels as if something changed. Of course, something changed. They've been through some shit. Some intense, heavy, heart-aching shit.

Promptly, Peter reached in his pocket and pulled out Beck's crumbled letter. Beck followed Peter's hand with his eyes. He looked nervous. He looked scared and hesitant. He eyed Peter's face, as if trying to read him. Peter lifted his hand and presented the letter to Beck. Peter feels tired. He can no longer cry even if he wants to. He just stared at Beck and asked in a small, fearful voice. He is done feeding stupidly hopeless. He wants to hear Beck saying it.

"Do you mean what's on it?"

Beck quickly spoke, in the same tone, "Every word."

Peter looked down and scoffed, "I don't know what to think anymore, to be honest," He admitted, "I don't know if I should believe you. I'm so tired, Beck. You've no idea. I'm overworked. I can't keep going back and forward."

"I don't wanna go back and forward either. Not anymore. Peter, I mean it. I mean everything that I wrote. *Everything*," Quentin got closer, raising a desperate hand, trying to prove his point. He isn't touching Peter because he looks defensive.

Peter *is* defensive. How could he not?

"Please, just believe me."

"Why don't you just say it?" Peter asked, stubborn.

Beck stared at him, emotional and overwhelmed, "*I love you.*"

Peter stared back. His chest ached, his belly tingled. He watched the single tear rolling down Beck's bearded cheek. Disappearing into the hairs. He's never seen Beck cry, Beck doesn't like crying. He's told Peter before. He's a strong man, he's bold, he's intrepid and he's he is though. He doesn't like feelings. He hates feeling.

But, as he's letter said, he may just be afraid –Peter finally realized. It hit him like a strike of lightning. Burning him, shaking him.

The blue eyes were red and Peter couldn't help shed a few tears too when he saw Beck giving in and letting out more. He quickly wiped his face with the back of his hand as he spoke.

"I'm sorry it took me this long to realize – well, I've known for a while but I was trying to deny it," His voice sounded strained, "I can't anymore. It's too much. I don't wanna lose you, I feel like I'm losing you or I already did but, *fuck* – I love you, Peter."

Peter sniffed and gladly accepted the hand touching his arm.

"I don't wanna lose you. I tried to imagine my life without you but I can't. It's fucking painful. I wanna make things right," Beck nodded, sighing, "I wanna treat you right."

Peter looked up at him with teary eyes, "You mean it?"

"I do," He nodded again.

The younger man wiped at his wet cheeks with his hands and took a deep breath in. He stared at Quentin for a moment before giving him a little, timid smile and reaching out to wrap his arms around his middle. Embracing him tightly and digging his face in Quentin's chest. He was hugged back with the same strength.

Peter couldn't help crying a little more, he was quiet, just silent tears rolling off, wetting Beck's shirt. He knew he wasn't the only one, he heard the silent sniffs Beck delivered.

They stood like that for a moment. Just hugging each other and enjoying it. It felt freeing, liberating, right. As if everything would be okay.

Everything would be okay, Peter knows.

"Ugh, fucking asshole," Peter then mumbled, wiping his face with his own jacket sleeve, he

sniffed, "I hate you."

He said with no hatred at all.

The man chuckled lowly and kissed the side of Peter's head gingerly, "No, you don't."

Peter pulled away slightly, not stopping from hugging Beck's torso, he just raised his head and looked up at him, chin resting on Beck's chest. His wide, doe eyes eyed Beck as a little smile crept on his closed lips.

"Hey, beautiful," Beck whispered, he moved a hand to carefully fix the hairs sticking to Peter's forehead.

"Hey," He whispered back, voice raspy. He closed his eyes for a second when Beck's hand caressed his eyelids and cheeks with lithe fingers.

Beck stared into his eyes, he was started to smile at him, softly so. It was contagious. They stared at each other's lips for a second and both of them leaned in at the same time. Their mouths connected in a long, intimate kiss, they moved and licked into each other's mouth. There wasn't anything sexual. It just was emotional and heartfelt, making their blood run and air flow. It was different.

It was lovely. It was everything. It wasn't casual. It was intense, redeemed. It felt real and passionate.

Beck held both sides of Peter's face as Peter held his sides, fingers digging in the muscles.

They pulled away with a soft smack echoing after a moment but Peter leaned in quickly to just peck his lips and shyly murmur against them;

"I love you too, by the way."

The man chuckled, licking his parted lips playfully, "Oh, I know."

Peter rolled his eyes and grinned at him with reddened cheeks, he shifted his hands to rest them on Beck's chest, he moved them up and down in a comforting way. Beck hugged his waist loosely. He looked down at Peter with a silly smile.

"What?" Peter smiled the same.

"Nothing," Beck shrugged lazily, "I just like you."

Peter's smile widened and he clumsily hugged Beck's neck, pulling his taller form down to kiss him, loudly smacking their lips. Beck darted his tongue out broadly inside his mouth, smiling like an idiot against Peter.

The younger man pulled away to look at Beck again, accepting the little kisses being placed on his lips and jaw.

"B?" He giggled when the beard tickled his skin as Beck kissed his neck sloppily.

Like he couldn't get enough.

"Mhm?"

"We're exclusive now?" Peter asked softly, hugging him tighter.

"Fuck yeah," The taller man stopped his kissing attack to look at Peter, "You're my boo. I'm your boo."

Peter snorted, "Oh, my God."

"What? You once told me you wanted me to call you that," Beck smirked widely.

"I was drunk."

"You always tell the truth when you're drunk."

"I kinda do," Peter nodded with a silly smile on his face. He kissed the man again.

*His man.*

His – Jesus fuck. This was it.

It is finally making sense. Things are settling into place.

It feels like one of those silly, immature daydreams Peter would allow himself to have while riding the subway. Thinking about Beck and their future and yes, Beck has never really left his mind; Peter thought.

Peter doesn't think he ever will.

"What?" He asked again when he saw Beck staring at him with that same expression on his face. Adoring and soft.

"Nothing," Beck smiled softly at him, playing with his wavy hair, he mumbled distractedly, looking at Peter, "I love you."

Peter bit his bottom lip to hide his smile, he got on his tiptoes to kiss Beck and whisper against him, "Me too."

"I'm done fucking around," Beck added, out of the clue.

Peter nodded, busy kissing him, "I'm glad."

"I was losing my mind. I thought I lost you," Beck said too, sounding serious, sounding sad. He hugged Peter tighter, pulling him impossibly close.

Beck did really almost lost Peter but –

"You didn't," Peter whispered, holding his face in gentle hold.

"You're not mad at me anymore?"

Peter shook his head, looking at him, he gave Quentin a small, sweet smile, "I love you –We'll be okay."

The man nodded and stared at him for a moment before leaning in to attack his face with loud, wet kisses all over his face, "God, I fucking love you," He murmured, gripping Peter's hips, "I like saying that."

"Ew," Peter giggled and scrunched up his face at the beard scratching his skin, "But you still have a lot of things to make up for," He said as a joke.

There was some truth behind it –okay.

"Oh, I will make up for everything, trust me," Beck said lowly, hands going irreverently low down his back.

"Mhm," Peter hummed happily, basically clinging to Beck's shoulders.

The man looked behind Peter shortly and pointed at the window, "Look, the daylight is already peaking in."

Peter looked back to confirm it, he groaned and rolled his eyes, "Please tell me I can skip work."

"*We* are skipping work."

"Good, it feels like I haven't sleep in days even though I have," Peter hid his face on the man's



neck, still hugging him, "I'm tired."

"Me too," He nodded, hands rubbing up and down Peter's back in a comforting way, "Wanna get some sleep?"

Peter hummed, "Can I stay?"

"Of course," Beck said quietly, "Anyways, I wouldn't have let you go if you wanted to go."

Peter gave Beck another long kiss on his lips and Beck returned it, soft and careful enough.

Soon, Beck was taking Peter's hand and guiding him towards his room. Peter hugged his arms as they walked the short distance. He felt like he just couldn't keep away from Beck.

They stripped to their underwear and Peter borrowed one of Beck's large shirts as Beck just put on some sweatpants.

The daylight was sneaking through the curtains, Beck shut them tightly together till the room was dark enough. They crawled in bed together and got under the heavy, warm comforter. They kissed for a while, feeling sleepy, giggling into each other's mouths when one of them would lose the pace because they were falling asleep.

Beck pulled Peter close. Peter threw an arm over his middle and placed his head in the crook of Beck's neck, breathing in the familiar scent.

Peter fell asleep by listening to Beck's breathing and the soft, soothing scratching on his back.

And just like that – it all inevitably felt like it would be alright.

Omg

I'm dying to know what you think, feel free to leave a comment and kudos :3

There's one final chapter left that I'm already working on it...

Thank u for reading!! Stay safe Xo

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!